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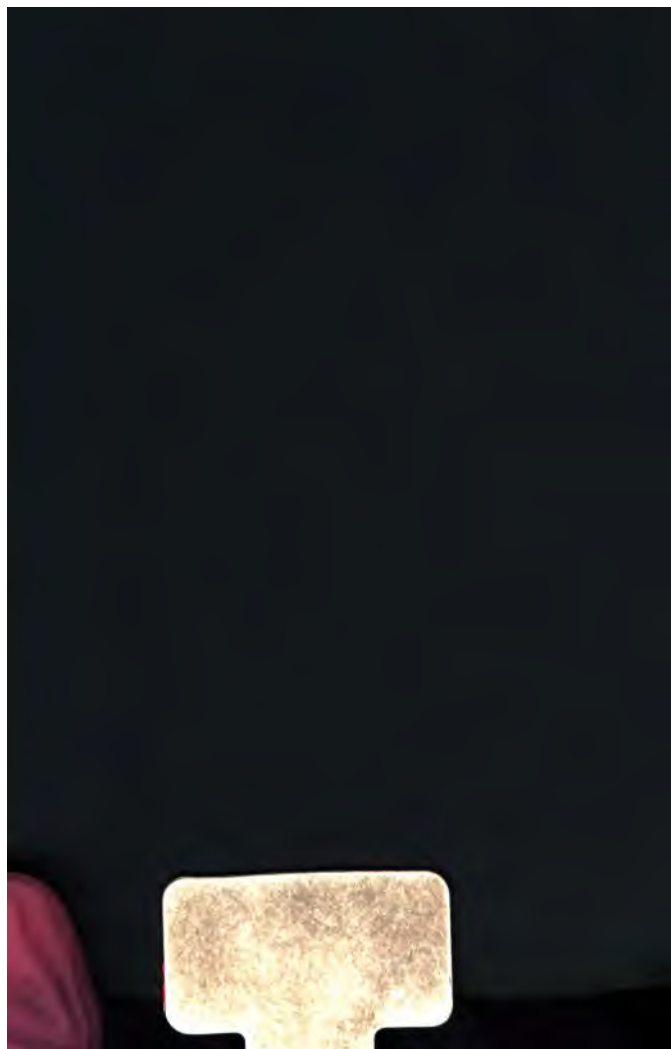
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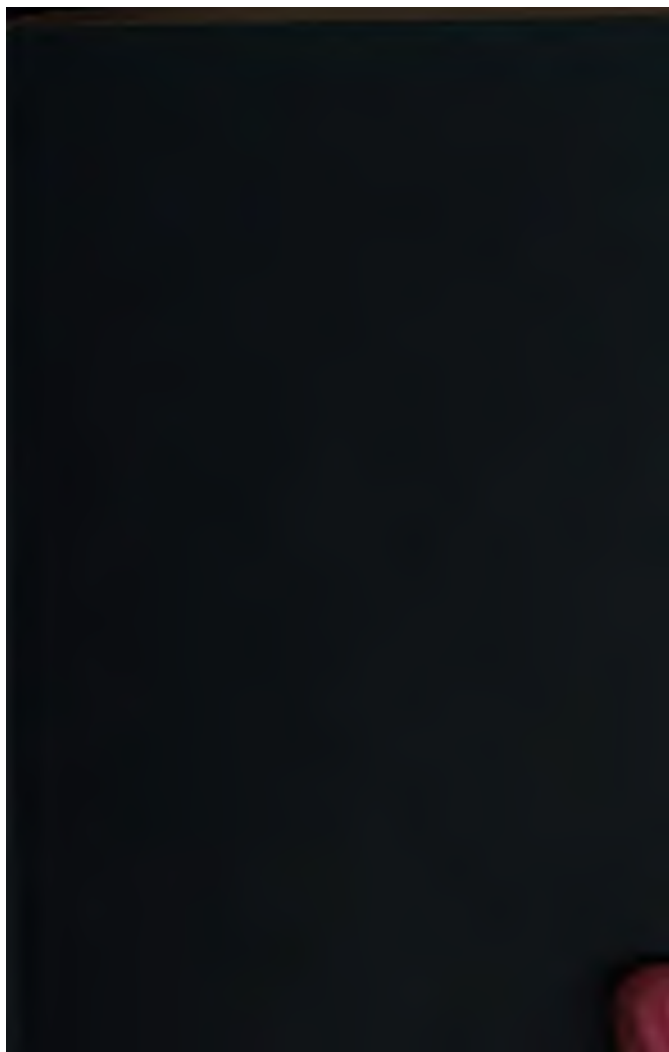
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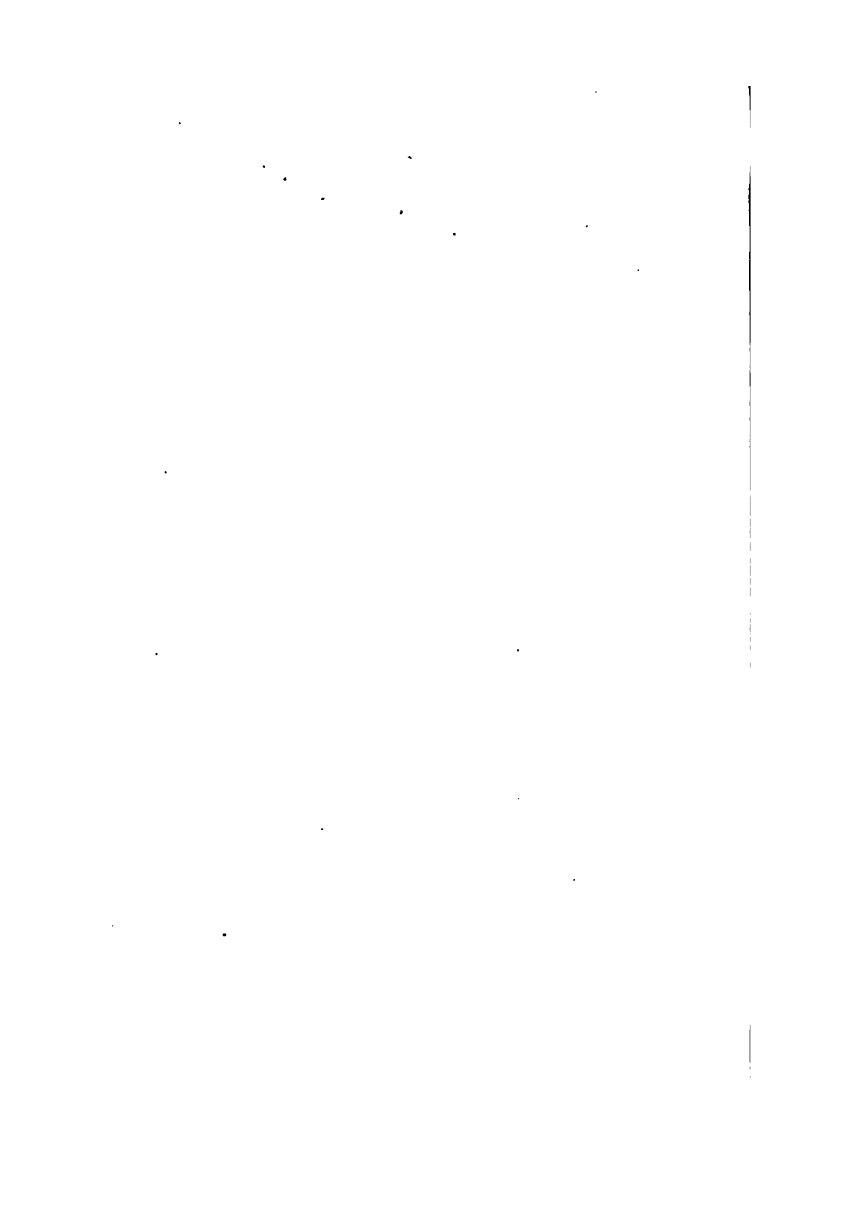
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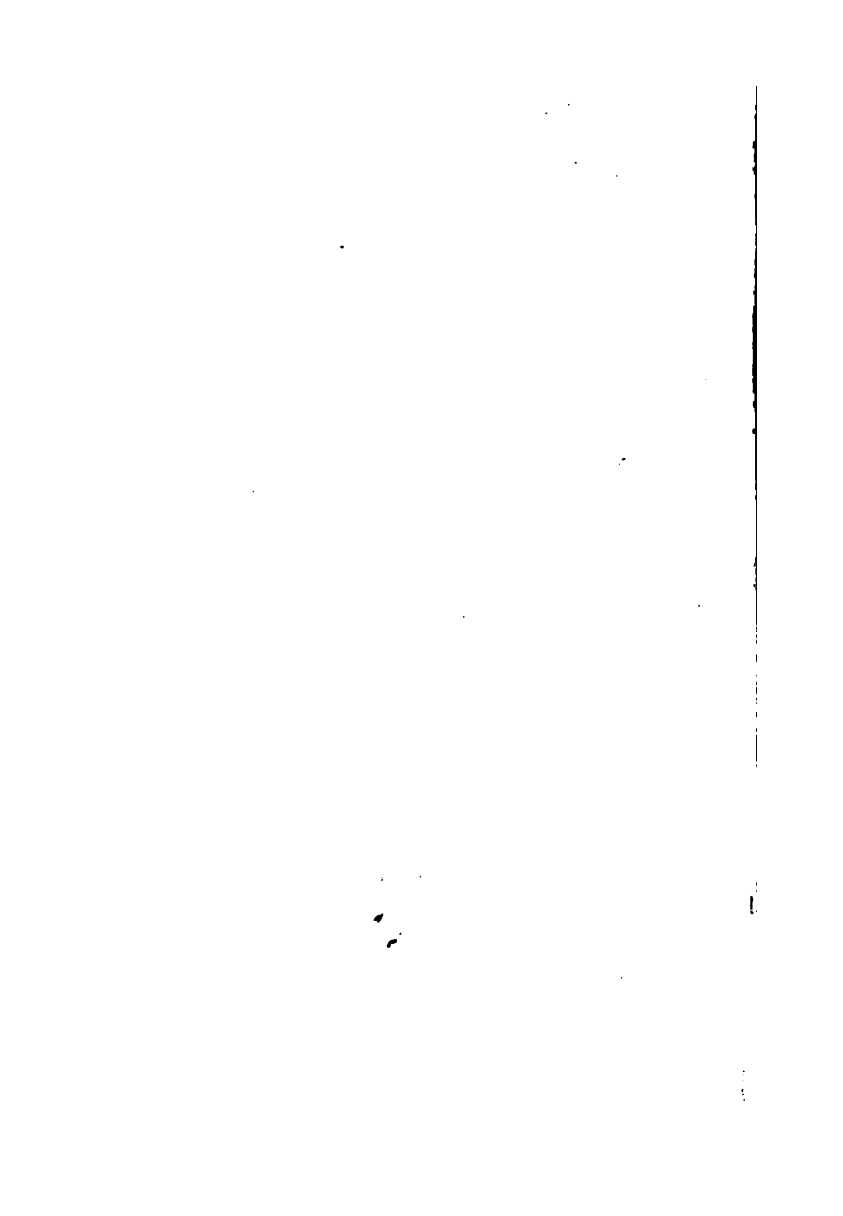




Light from the Sanctuary

FOR

THE DARK AND CLOUDY DAY.



# Light from the Sanctuary

FOR

THE CLOUDY AND DARK DAY.

Inscribed to Mourners.

*By the Author of*

"THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE LORD JESUS  
CHRIST," "THE ARMOUR OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,"

"A CATECHISM ON THE EVIDENCES OF REVEALED  
RELIGION," &c.

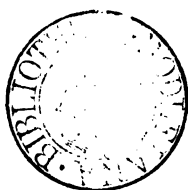
"By His light I walked through darkness"—JOB. xlix. 2.

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1866.

141. k. 96.





## INTRODUCTION.

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WHY weepest thou? wherefore art thou sad? are questions which those who have hearts to be touched with the sight of human misery, have reason often to propose, as they journey through this vale of tears, for truly "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Happy were it for the children of sorrow did they oftener seek to analyse their own tears, or trace to their true source those afflictions which fill the present scene with the sounds of lamentation and mourning and woe. In the hope of inducing some child of grief to inquire into the *cause* and *cure*

of human misery, the following suggestions are offered.

May "the God of all comfort" vouchsafe to them that blessing, without which nothing is strong, nothing is holy; and grant that the cup of consolation thus drawn from the wells of salvation, and presented to the acceptance of Mourners, may prove effectual to their relief and refreshment, by means of the Spirit's grace and power !



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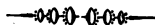
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## Light from the Sanctuary.

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### SORROW IN ITS CONNECTION WITH SIN.

HOW startling, how humbling the thought that all sorrow is the consequence of sin! Sorrow was a word unknown in Paradise until sin entered. The fearful act of disobedience which led to man's expulsion thence, made this dread addition to his language and experience, and in the sentence pronounced on the mother of all living, that word is first heard falling from the lips of the Highest, which has since been echoed from heart to heart by the successive generations of men. Yes, our first father, with transgressing hand,

opened that flood-gate of woe, which has ever since continued to deluge our world ; and we each contribute in the proportion of our sins to swell the tide of sorrow which sweeps across the present scene, often threatening to overwhelm the children of earth, and not unfrequently causing the saints of the Lord to exclaim, "I sink in deep waters, all Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me !"

How little is this close, this inseparable connection between sin and sorrow understood or considered ! were we duly impressed by it, how different would be our bearing under the chastenings of the Lord ! did we fully realize our guilt, whatever the severity of our trials, our confession must always be, "God exacteth less than our iniquities deserve." "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Alas ! how often is it otherwise ! Whence the murmurings and repinings, the peevishness and complainings by which the Spirit of

the Lord is so continually provoked? Man forgets that he has forfeited every claim to blessing. He lacks that deep consciousness of sin which led the prophet to exclaim, "Why should a living man complain—a man for the punishment of his sins?" Mourner, pause, and ask thyself, is it not so? and as thy gracious God condescends to ask, "Dost thou well to be angry for thy gourd?" pause again, before answering with the impatient prophet, "I do well to be angry," and think who and what thou art who thus repliest against God,—a sinner, a transgressor from the womb; what then is thy claim upon God? which of all thy blessings dost thou not hold as a free gift of His bounty? Wilt thou then admit that the mercies by which He doth encompass thee are the unmerited bestowments of His grace? Ask thyself again, How have they been used by thee? have they drawn thy heart in love and gratitude to Him, or hast thou not rather forgotten

the Giver in His gifts, and lavished on *them* what belonged to *Him*? not rendering according to the benefit received. One blessing has been withdrawn,—taken perhaps in mercy to startle thee into a consciousness of thy sin; shouldest thou not marvel that so many are left, rather than murmur that one has been recalled? and in place of the ungrateful cry, “My punishment is greater than I can bear,” know that “God exacteth less than thine iniquities deserve,” and address to Him the earnest appeal, “Shew me wherefore Thou contendest with me,” “Teach me, and I will hold my tongue.” Fellow sinner! fellow mourner! be it ours to “humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God;” instead of arraigning His wisdom or questioning His love, let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord, whilst we gratefully acknowledge that “it is of His mercies we are not consumed,” and because His compassions fail not.

THE WAY IN WHICH GOD OVERRULES THE  
CONSEQUENCES OF SIN.

IT is interesting and instructive to trace the way in which our wonder-working God uses and overrules, for the benefit of His children and the glory of His name, the very consequence of sin. Let us take in illustration, "sorrow," that heir-loom of fallen man, to which he is born. When we look upon the face of this fair creation, enriched with every thing which can minister to his enjoyment for whose abode it was originally designed, we start as we listen to the groans and sighs, and mark the tears which have transformed earth into a valley of weeping, and are disposed, in painful perplexity, to enquire why is it thus? Why, when the floods lift up their hands in adoration of their Maker, when hills and valleys utter His praise—when the tuneful melody of animate nature peals responsive

to the hallelujahs which are ever ascending from before the throne—why is it that the discordant note of woe and lamentation is so often heard below, and man, for whose happiness such rich provision has been made, is “of few days and full of trouble.” The perplexing inquiry finds its answer in what has been already stated—sin is the secret cause of all,—“by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” Yes, ungrateful man lifted the standard of revolt against his rightful Sovereign, and in every sigh and tear that earth has witnessed, we may trace the sad results of this first transgression. But is there no mercy in the appointment? no loving-kindness in the rod? Yes, the radiant bow of the covenant is reflected from many of the dark clouds which obscure earth’s horizon, and such clouds must ever prove fraught with blessings from above. Sorrow is thus made the minister

of mercy and of love—darkness the precursor of light—the weeping of the night the harbinger of the joy of morning. What a host of witnesses attest this truth ! How many now before the throne, who have come out of great tribulation ! how many, still in the land of their pilgrimage, who can testify “it is good for me to have been afflicted.” It was the mighty famine which arose in the far distant land, that led the prodigal to turn his thoughts and desires to the home he had quitted, and the father from whom he had strayed ; and often has the bereavement of earthly blessings, the loss of friends, of health, of wealth, of position, led the poor wanderer in the world’s highway to seek after that “better part,” which shall not be taken away from him; that portion which *abideth*—those riches which are permanent—those honours which endure. Earth is no longer man’s home—here he hath no abiding city. Adam forfeited for himself and his posterity this fair inheritance ;



but the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, has purchased and provided a better home, a brighter and more glorious inheritance; and we must be reminded that this is not our rest, by the thorns and briers that are continually wounding us as we pass along; and taught to desire another, even a heavenly country, by the sorrows and disappointments of the wilderness. If earth has changed its character to man, man, we must recollect, has changed his relative position to earth. He who was once a *resident* is now a *pilgrim* here; and earth, originally designed for man's home, has been transformed by sin into a vast training school, where the children of the covenant are being educated for their high destination, their corruptions subdued, their graces exercised, and their attainments tested by the sharp lessons of adversity.



SORROW IN CONNECTION WITH THE SOUL'S  
EDUCATION.

HOW much does this connection of sorrow with education explain and unravel ! what light does it shed on many of the otherwise obscure dealings of God ! Man—renewed man, I mean—is a learner here, a scholar, a disciple ; he must be *educated*—made meet for his inheritance, ere he can take his place amongst his elder brethren above. In order to this end, he is placed under governors and tutors until the time appointed of the Father ; he has to learn his lessons, to be submitted to training, and subjected to discipline, which often seems severe. What a stern instructor does trial often prove ! How sharp the rod with which our Father not unfrequently corrects his poor wayward and rebellious child ; but it is for “our profit,” and not His pleasure, that He chastises, and that we might be “partakers of His holiness.” The dust-cleaving

propensities of our nature have to be overcome, and our hearts taught to lift their eyes from earth ; by how many bitter experiences have these lessons to be inculcated ! by the sundering of how many ties, and the blighting of how many gourds, are they often learned ! And when even these first principles are attained, how many an after lesson has to be acquired ! we have to learn our own weakness. What teaches this like trial ? Our own ignorance and corruption. Here again, how self-revealing does the furnace prove ! We fancy we know much of God and much of our own hearts ; that we have made large attainments in self-discipline, and the crucifixion of our will—but when trial comes, perhaps unexpectedly, — perhaps from the quarter whence we calculated on happiness,—when God smites our comforts, blasts our expectations, withers our hopes, or dries up our refreshing streams of earthly enjoyment, lays His hand on

our precious things, or recalls some cherished boon, what discoveries are made to us of the rebellion of our will, and the alienation of our nature ! How prone are we then to arraign the wisdom or the love of Him whom, in the day of prosperity, we could hail as our all-wise, all-gracious God ! Whilst ungrateful repinings and murmurings, or faithless questionings and disputings, too plainly prove that we are "yet carnal," and have need that one teach us, when we had concluded ourselves advanced pupils in the school of Christ. It is not until the Lord takes the book into His own hand, and puts us upon proof, that our deficiencies are made palpable to us, and we become aware of our short-comings. And yet how important, how salutary the consciousness of ignorance ; that first step to the acquirement of true wisdom ; that essential to the possession of the humility with which the Christian ought ever to be clothed.

Again, where are faith and patience to be exercised and matured?—Where but in the furnace? Without exercise no Christian grace can ever be strengthened or confirmed,—without trial, where is the exercise? It is as easy to learn by rote in the school of Christ as in any other; how many such scholars do we meet!—how much of such superficial knowledge do we all possess!—But it is not *thus* our great Teacher would instruct His disciples,—it is to a “*reasonable service*” He calls, to an *experimental* acquaintance with Himself He invites; and if the saint of God can testify, “Thou hast *known* my soul in adversity,” surely it has been the blessed confession of thousands, that it was “in adversity” they first *knew* their God, or through its means they learned most of the length and breadth of His incomprehensible love and all-abounding sufficiency. Not that we would magnify affliction into a Saviour, or presume to give it the Holy Spirit’s

place in the conversion of the sinner, or the sanctification of the believer, far be it from us thus to rob the only Sanctifier of the honour due unto His name. He is the author of all spiritual life, the finisher of the faith He imparts. He it is who takes of the things of Christ, and shews them to the eyes He has opened and anointed with the unction which is His ; *from Him* "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," and *to Him* for ever be the praise of the perfecting of the saints, and their establishment in every good word and work. But whilst we utterly disclaim the sacrilegious intention of assigning to the instrument any part of the honour due to Him whose grace can alone make it effectual to good, the history of the Church of God in every age, inspired and uninspired, bears ample testimony to the fact that God has been pleased to use affliction as the means of bringing many a sinner, like the prodigal, to his right mind ; whilst to the saints

of the Most High it has ever proved "as the fining-pot to the silver, and the furnace to the gold."

Of how many can it be testified as of Manasseh, "when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers." 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12. What multitudes can adopt the Psalmist's words, "before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word!" That there is no necessary connection between sorrow and sanctity is too lamentably apparent to need any proofs. We read in the book of the Revelation of those who "gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven;" of God's professing Israel it is testified by the prophet Jeremiah, "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved," Jer. v. 3; whilst the affecting appeal remains on record concerning Ephraim, "why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more." What an awful monu-

ment of unsanctified affliction is Pharaoh ! Again and again was the rod applied : stroke after stroke was sent ; but in place of benefit, a fearful process of induration was going on, until " Pharaoh's heart was hardened " to that degree that it became insensible to every impression : mercies and judgments appealed in vain to a " conscience seared " as " with a hot iron " ! How solemn the aspect in which such considerations exhibit the hearts of the children of men ! How deep the responsibility under which the mourner is placed ! Not a sorrow, for the use or abuse of which he shall not ere long have to give account : not a trial which he should not regard as a talent for whose due improvement he shall yet be held responsible. How prone are we to attach the name of *mercies* only to God's *pleasant* gifts ! how erroneous such a plan ! Oh ! in that world where all is light, we shall learn to estimate things differently. There we shall see that our most bitter trials



numbered with our choicest mercies, and then shall we strike our harp in tones of highest praise, in the remembrance of those sorrows which once pierced our souls with anguish.

But the all-important question suggests itself, "have our trials hitherto proved benefits or injuries, blessings or curses?" This all hangs upon the reception they have met. Have we been enabled to greet them as angels of God, bearing to us messages of solemn import which we are concerned aright to interpret and earnestly to heed? or have we only sought to bid the unwelcome intruder away, or writhed in rebellious impatience whilst constrained to endure His presence? The rod has in every instance *a voice*, instructing, correcting, rebuking, or revealing, as it may be; and it becomes each one to whom it is addressed to "*hear*" it, and seek to ascertain the import of the message which it bears. Happy were it for the majority of sufferers if, in place of being chiefly

concerned for the removal of their trial, they were primarily anxious to discover *why* it has been sent, and *how* its gracious purposes can be answered; were the cry not so much, "remove Thy stroke from me," as "*wherefore* contendest Thou with me?"



MISTAKES INTO WHICH THE MOURNER  
SOMETIMES FALLS.

**I**T must not be concluded, from anything already stated, that we mean to assert, that the measure of individual guilt is always to be decided by the amount of individual suffering; or that the one bears exact proportion to the other. This is the scene of education and exercise, not of retribution; and whilst our God ever maintains the discipline of His family, and promotes the welfare of His children, in "punishing them for all their iniquities," (Amos. iii. 2,) by the loving corrections of His rod, (Psal. lxxxix. 30—33;) "scourging every son whom He receiveth," often do we see the wicked "flourishing like a green bay tree," "not in trouble as other men," "let alone," to follow the devices and desires of their evil hearts, until the scene of probation is for ever quitted, and the

moment of righteous judgment arrives. "No man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before him." Eccles ix. 1. It might seem almost superfluous to guard against such a mistake did we not find the Psalmist himself sorely perplexed on account of it, when, after contrasting the "waters of a full cup," which had been "wrung out" to him, with the immunity from trial which he observed the wicked to enjoy, he is about rashly to conclude that he has "cleansed his hands in vain," until he goes into the sanctuary, and learns there to "understand *their end*." Then the enigma is solved; and he traces to his own ignorance and folly that ever he was "envious at the foolish when he saw the prosperity of the wicked."

But there is another mistake against which we have also need to guard: that of concluding that *in the family of God* the deepest afflictions are invariably induced by the deepest provocation. This was the fatal error into which the friends

of Job fell; by means of which they so fearfully aggravated his sufferings, and provoked him to sin; whilst they earned for themselves the severe rebuke of Jehovah. It is "*whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;*" and *where He bestows most faith* He often subjects its possessor to the *severest exercise*, that it may be "to the praise of the glory of His grace." Why was Abraham called to one of the keenest trials that the heart of man could know? Was it that he had "little faith," and his God would thus rebuke him? O, no! it was because he had "great faith," and the Lord would magnify His name by this marvellous exhibition of the "obedience of faith." Trial has a two-fold purpose to the vessels of mercy—"to shew them what is in them" of corruption, that they may be humbled and improved; and to manifest what has been imparted of grace and faith, that they may be encouraged and commended. Nor do we doubt that, as in the temple of

old there were vessels of gold and silver, as well as of wood, so in the upper sanctuary there will be found what corresponds with the figure—those who, “chosen in the furnace,” have been fitted for highest service through means of the very intensity of the process to which they have been subjected here.



## EXERCISES SEASONABLE TO SORROW.

“IN the day of adversity consider,” is one of the first counsels with which the pen of inspiration addresses the mourner. How strangely in opposition to those which human wisdom suggests! When sorrow assails the votary of this world, how does mistaken kindness rack ingenuity to hinder consideration, and divert the mind from thought! Alas! what ready tools does “the god of this world” find to aid him in his malicious efforts to stifle reflection, and avoid all that might lead to a due improvement of the solemn visitation! When we turn to the Church of God do we find nothing of the same propensity? Alas! even *here* this grievous mistake prevails, else why do even Christians urge upon the mourner a speedy return to wonted avocations? why is active service pressed as a duty at a moment

when "to consider" is the employment to which the all-wise God invites? Why, but for the very purpose of avoiding that reflection which might prove painful,—but how *profitable*! "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," is the prophet's solemn appeal: if the rod has a voice, and if every affliction bears a message from the living God, it becomes those to whom He thus addresses Himself to listen with solemn attention to His messenger. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;" should ever be the silent utterance of the smitten heart. "My people do not consider;" *here* is the secret of the mis-improvement of many a teaching dispensation. May we shun the guilt by avoiding all that would prove a hindrance to the duty; and when our hearts bleed under the inflictions of a wise and gracious God, may we enter into our chambers, and shut our doors about us, and when "alone with Jesus," seek "to consider" *why* His loving hand



has dealt the blow—wherefore He contends ?

“Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground,” Job v. 6 ; how important is it that the principle which these words unfold be deeply graven on the heart ! the instruments of our trials are so usually around us and about us, “of the dust,” that we are wont to rest our eyes on *them*, in place of realizing the invisible hand that employs them. Like Jonah, we quarrel with the worm that feeds upon our gourd, in place of viewing it as the mere instrument of *His* pleasure, whose are alike the worm and the gourd.

“*The Almighty* hath afflicted me,” cries the bereaved Naomi ; and every repining is silenced, every murmur is hushed into peace.—“*The Lord* gave, and *the Lord* hath taken away,”—exclaims the patriarch Job, and looking thus beyond the Sabeans and the Chaldeans, he can add, “blessed be the name of the

Lord." Never can we experience submission under our trials, and never shall we find support, until our hearts embrace this soul-settling, soul-silencing, soul-upholding truth, "my sorrow wherewith *the Lord* hath afflicted me." Lam. i. 12. The moment we descend to instruments, and get entangled amidst second causes, the balance of the soul is lost, and we are tossed and disquieted as upon the troubled surface of a stormy sea.

Child of sorrow, whatever be the nature of thy trial—however largely the creature may prove instrumental in its infliction, remember who it was "prepared" alike the "gourd, the "worm," and the "vehement east wind," to prove the executioners of his wise and loving purposes to poor, rebellious, wayward Jonah: be assured, "*it is the Lord,*" who imparts to any comfort its power to refresh, or withers what He finds abused, and perverted into a snare; it is He who sends the blight upon our earthly prospects, that He may

win our hearts for better things ; He who poisons the stream at which He finds us content to drink, that He may teach us the happiness of saying, "all my fresh springs are in Thee ;" He who scourges us by those creatures we would fain worship, and often converts our household gods into "His sword." Yes, "*it is the Lord*" who makes our own sin to correct us ; and if "we have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us ; and we gave them reverence : shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of Spirits, and live ?" Heb. xii. 9.

"Behold, I am vile : what shall I answer Thee ? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth." Job xl. 4.

We believe there is no better preparation for trial, and no surer guarantee for a suitable deportment in the furnace, than a deep conviction of individual guilt. If we only understood in any measure how completely we have forfeited every blessing by our exceeding sinfulness, we should

feel bowed down and crushed under the weight of benefits with which He daily loadeth us, in place of presuming to quarrel with the great Proprietor for saying of any one of them, "I have need of it." There is nothing more astonishing to a heart possessing an insight into its own depravity than the sparing mercy of the Lord. Yes, the matter of surprise to such is, not that He removes, but that He continues so many of His blessings to those who are provoking Him to jealousy every hour by the idolatry of the gift, and neglect of the Giver. Child of affliction, whatever be thy grief, whether thou mournest a withered gourd, the loss of something dearer to thee than thyself, departed health, or fugitive riches, Oh ask what use didst thou make of the gift whilst it was thine? how far did it answer the legitimate purpose of every bestowment by leading thee to closer and more grateful affiance in the Giver? and if "thy heart condemn thee," and thou art constrained

to confess thou wert so occupied with the gift that thou couldst find no time for the Giver, marvel not that it has been recalled, but rather rejoice that "the snare is broken, and thou art escaped."



THE GRACES THAT ARE SUITABLE TO THE  
MOURNER.

“ I HAVE behaved and quieted myself  
as a child that is weaned of his  
mother.”

When we come to consider the very important question, “ what is the deportment, what the spirit which the Lord would have His people exemplify in the furnace?” in place of adopting the fictitious, and we would add unreasonable, standards which even good men are wont to propose, we find relief in turning to “ the Man of Sorrows” as the model for those who, like Him, are “ acquainted with grief.” His was sinless human nature, His was perfect humanity; and yet He shrank from suffering. The near proximity of sorrow wrung from His holy soul the thrice repeated bitter cry, “ if it be possible let this cup pass from Me”—

“reproach hath broken my heart,” is His language on another occasion : here was no stoicism, no vain courting of sorrow—no unnatural insensibility to trial: the perfection He exhibits consists not in the annihilation of His will, but its subjection to His Father’s will, (not *My* will, but *Thine* be done;) not in *despising* the cross, but “*enduring*” it; He *felt*—but He *fainted not*. May His holy example for ever silence the ignorance of foolish men, who distress their own souls, and disquiet the hearts of the faithful by seeking and requiring what the Lord neither proposes nor desires; deeming all sorrow rebellion, and every manifestation of grief sin. He who has left us an example that we should follow His steps, wept at the grave of His friend, and thus consecrated the mourner’s tears : His heart was penetrated with anguish as He cried, “lover and friend hast Thou put far from Me, and Mine acquaintance into darkness;” and His people may mourn when similar deso-

lation is theirs. The treachery of Judas wrung from Him the confession, "if it were an enemy *I could have borne it*;" and when our affections receive a similar wound He means that they should bleed. His religion was not intended to *annihilate* the affections of the human heart, but to *regulate* them; not to *destroy* feeling, but to *impart* and *rectify* it; it is the "heart of stone" He takes away, and a "heart of flesh" He gives: but whilst He allows us to sorrow, we must remember it is "not as others who have no hope." If we are Christian mourners our consolations are neither few nor small, and we should be anxious for the honour of our God to *evidence* our supports, and His faithfulness in affording them. Whilst we pretend to no superiority to trial, if we possess a "very present help in time of trouble," it should be *apparent* that the privilege is realized: if we say of the Lord, "He is my portion," we must not let it appear by our inordinate grief that our *all* has



been removed, when one and another of our precious things are smitten. What then are the graces which are *seasonable* to the time of affliction? Not joy, not triumph, not exultation; but meek submission, humble acquiescence, holy silence, confiding affiance,—the spirit that breathes, “though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” What are the duties of such a season? Not activity and zeal; but to “consider,” Eccl. vii. 14; “pray,” James v. 13; “be still,” Psal. xli. 10.



TEMPTATIONS TO WHICH THE MOURNER  
LIES PECULIARLY EXPOSED.

WHILE it is admitted that the season of affliction is, in many respects, peculiarly favourable to the spiritual interests of the child of God, it cannot be denied that there are some temptations to which he is more especially exposed at such seasons. Of these the most grievous seem to be to *harbour hard thoughts of God*, and question the kindness or equity of His providential rule. When earthly prosperity is ours, and our cup runs over with all our earthly heart's desire, we have no temptation to quarrel with or question the arrangements of our God : but when the picture changes—when the dark and cloudy day arises, when our schemes of enjoyment here are broken, how wont are we like the patriarch to conclude, all these things are against us ; or to ask, with the afflicted

Psalmist, "has God forgotten to be gracious? is His mercy clean gone for ever? doth His promise fail for evermore?" No doubt the disciples of Jesus thought it a strange proof of love when the message of the sisters of Lazarus seemed only to influence Him to tarry where He was, in place of hastening to the bedside of His expiring friend. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," was the reproachful language not of the bustling Martha only, but also of the devoted Mary. He of whom the Saviour testified "among them that are born of woman, there is not a greater prophet," seems to feel it hard that he should be left to languish in prison, if Jesus of Nazareth were that Living One who need but to speak the word, and His servant should be free: his faith falters under the pressure of the assault, and "art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" betrays the workings of unbelief.—"My God, my God, *why* hast Thou forsaken

Me?" was the Saviour's agonized appeal when His faith was put to the severest test to which it was ever submitted; but it triumphed, as the language of filial affiance in which His very cry is couched, conclusively demonstrates.—"If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," betrays the great adversary's cognizance of the point to which the fiery dart might be directed with most advantage in such an hour of weakness and distress.—"Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat," is the warning voice in which the Saviour addressed His poor disciple as the hour of temptation drew nigh. It is to test the loyalty of our hearts these trials are sent. Alas! how much of lurking enmity do they discover, how much of dormant rebellion do they bring to light! When our adversary would pervert *painful providences* by seeking to insinuate hard thoughts of God, let us visit by faith

Gethsemane and Calvary, and seek to read them in the light which we fetch from thence. "He that spared not His own Son," is an answer to every cavil, a solution of every difficulty. The Cross and the Crucified silence our misgivings and put to shame our doubts. O, can we harbour one hard thought of Him with such a stupendous exhibition of His love present to our sight?—can we believe that "He who spared not His own Son," could withhold or withdraw any of earth's poor paltry toys if consistent with the well-being of His child? No, He is "good when He gives, *nor less* when He denies."—"The Judge of all the earth does right," and we have only to "enter into our chambers," and view the blessed security which these afford, to learn the secret of confiding affiance under the severest inflictions of His hand: He is the God of love, and there is as much love in His rod as in His smile, in His scourge as in His embrace. He is the

all-wise God, ever regulating the expression of His love to His people by the decisions of His infinite wisdom ; always “watering the rod with His tears,” although He will not spoil His child by sparing it. He yearns with parental tenderness over the offspring of His affection, pities whilst He punishes, loves whilst He chastens and rebukes. What a disclosure of the strugglings of parental tenderness in the breast of our Father does Jer. xxxi. 20 afford ! “Is Ephraim my dear son ? is he a pleasant child ? for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still ; therefore my bowels are troubled for him : I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.”

“The Judge of all the earth does right.” O that this truth were *indelibly* engraven on our hearts, never, never to be blotted or obliterated. In the perfections of His character is the soul’s only safe anchorage amidst the shoals and quicksands of life’s troubled waters ; the hope which those

perfections (as harmonized and pledged for the sinner in the cross of Christ) inspires, the anchor sure and stedfast. "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, when I plead with Thee; yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments," was the language of one well acquainted with these truths: "But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel," was the utterance of Jeremiah's Lord in the days of His flesh, when in His agonized experience He sounded the depths of human grief. It is to Him we must turn as the incontrovertible expression of the Father's love, when tempted by the evil one to harbour hard thoughts of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ": to Him we must look as our example under every trial and assault, and from Him we must seek "grace to help in time of need."

Who has not heard that sorrow is a selfish thing? and it must be confessed there is a strong temptation to selfishness

in the time of affliction: the mind becomes so absorbed in its own sorrow, so swallowed up in grief, that the interests and feelings of others fail to awaken the attentive consideration they engage at other times. O, how corrective of such selfishness is the example of Jesus: how rebuking His tender consideration for others in the midst of His own most cruel pangs. With a "soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death," His sympathies are engaged in seeking to speak words of comfort to His afflicted disciples! nor when He trod the hill of scorn, or hung upon "the accursed tree," is the mother who bare Him forgotten, or the "daughters of Jerusalem" overlooked. To *possess* and *express* "the same mind that was in Christ Jesus," is what the child of God is ever aiming after; to *study* His example, as well as to drink into His spirit, how needful to the attainment!

"Neither be *weary of His correction*,"  
Prov. iii. 11. These words suggest another



of the temptations peculiar to the furnace : when trials are of long continuance, or when one woe is no sooner past than another cometh, there is a propensity in the heart of man, by reason of remaining corruption, to grow weary under the chastenings of the Lord, and manifest this weariness in peevish fretfulness, discontented murmurings, and gloomy despondency. The Scriptures furnish us with many instances of this description. He who under unparalleled bereavement could cry, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord," grows weary under prolonged visitations, and in anguish of spirit inquires, "wherefore is light given unto him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul ?" "My soul is weary of my life."—The prophet Jeremiah, under the pressure of long-continued trial, grows weary, and in the fretful impatience of a discontented mind falls into the sin of cursing the day of his birth. The history

of David furnishes another striking illustration of this weariness under the rod ; when first the Lord places him in circumstances of trial, in His light he walks through darkness, and most instructive is the conduct he maintains : but when year follows year, and the relentless persecution of his determined foe knows neither suspension nor mitigation, in place of finding in every fresh deliverance food for his faith, and gathering fresh incentives to gratitude and praise as the interposing arm of his Almighty friend is untiringly extended on his behalf, he grows weary and faint in his mind, rashly and unthankfully concludes, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul,"—takes the matter into his own management, resolves to free himself from the cross of the Lord's appointing, flees out of His providential path, and ends by involving himself in tenfold greater difficulties and dangers. What a picture is here of many beside David ! weary of the trials of the "right

way," and faint under the burdens of the Lord's imposing, they foolishly argue anything would be more tolerable than what they are called to endure :—peevishness and fretfulness ensue ; these give place to murmurings and repinings, which latter end too frequently in some rebellious effort to deliver themselves from their cross, by which they involve themselves in one ten times heavier. What is the remedy for this weariness, what its best preventive ? To " consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners," how teaching is His example ! Shall the servant repine when the master was dumb ? shall the disciple refuse to carry what the Lord was pleased to bear ? He endured the painful load of His suffering existence in meek submission until He could assert, " It is finished." No murmur ever escaped His holy lips, no frown of discontent ever ruffled His unclouded brow :—the contradiction of sinners, the mocking insolence of the chief priests and scribes, the

ingratitude of the fickle multitude, the treachery of professed friends, the ignorance, stupidity, and waywardness of disciples, all were keenly felt by a soul endowed with the finest sensibilities of our nature, but all *uncomplainingly endured*. Ah ! had He wearied as He trod the hill of scorn, had He fainted under the load of imputed guilt and inexpressible sorrow which He undertook to bear, “for us men, and for our salvation,” where were the interests of the little flock ? but “He saw of the travail of His soul” in the bright vision of faith, and “for the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame.” “*Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself,*” tried and tempted believer ; and when disposed to grow weary amid the sorrows of thy tedious path, or faint under the burdens, consider not only the example but the love of thy enduring Lord, and ask,

“Did *Jesus thus* suffer, and shall *I* repine ?”

“Who for the joy set before him”—  
here was the secret of the Saviour’s  
support under the protracted sorrow of  
His way : let us endeavour to learn it—  
the “weight of glory” realized can help  
us to estimate all present griefs as “light,  
and but for a moment ;”—the joy of the  
coming morning can sustain amidst the  
tedious hours of the night of weeping.



SOURCES OF CONSOLATION PECULIAR TO  
THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.

DO we now enquire what special sources of consolation the Christian mourner possesses? truly we may assert they are abundant, more than sufficient to all his need, for our God affords them “according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” *Where* shall we begin the enumeration, or *how* conclude?—here lies the difficulty.

The character of Him who appoints our trials is perhaps the first source of comfort on which the mind should dwell: “my times are in *Thy* hands;”—here lies the Christian’s main stay and prop in every season of affliction: whatever be smitten—whatever be threatened, *Thy hands*, the wise, tender, merciful, loving, faithful hands of a *gracious Father*, one who knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust. His very name forbids the

possibility of His inflicting one unnecessary pang, or protracting our trials one moment beyond the period which is indispensable : the God of love does not, *cannot* willingly afflict or grieve the children of men. Then again His wisdom guards against the apprehension of mistake in the arrangements of His providence: the earthly father may, with a heart overflowing with parental love, err in the treatment of his child, may prove too lenient or too strict, hold the reins too tight, or relax them too much, apply the rod where loving expostulation would effect more, or withhold it where it would best serve the designed end : whilst all the affection which the earthly relationship involves is but the faintest shadow of what dwells in the breast of our heavenly Father.

He is infinite in wisdom, wonderful in counsel, excellent in working ; He cannot err, cannot mistake ; must always propose the wisest end, and secure its accomplishment by the choice of the wisest means.

What a relief to the burdened heart to realize this truth, "my trial, with every circumstance connected with it, is appointed by an *infinitely-wise Father*, and must therefore be just the trial of all others best calculated to benefit me, and bring glory to Him." And then to remember He is *almighty*, as well as *all-wise*, all events are under His controul, all creatures at the disposal of the "God of the spirits of all flesh." Consequently nothing can arise unforeseen by Him, nothing occurs, however brought about by human corruption, or imprudence, or neglect, that He cannot overrule: The very "wrath of man" He makes "to praise Him;" the "remainder thereof" He has promised to "restrain." O may our hearts rest in the perfection of the character of our covenant God in every hour of trial or apprehension: the effulgence of its brightness can irradiate the deepest gloom, and furnish us with "songs in the night," whatever be the source of our grief or disquietude.



“ My times are in Thy hands ”—blessed, soul-sustaining thought,—*there* would we desire to leave them, gracious Lord, assured that Thou doest all things well, and that what Thou appointest must be best. True it is “ clouds and darkness are round about Thee ”—“ Thy judgments are a great deep,” and we must inscribe on many of Thy footsteps “ past finding out ;” but we can *trust* Thee, where we cannot *trace* Thee, and we hope ere long in the better light of brighter scenes to strike our harps to the song of Moses and of the Lamb. “ Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty : just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name ? for Thou only art holy—*Thy judgments are made manifest.*”

How sweet is sympathy in the season of sorrow—how soothing—how does it relieve the heart to find its burdens shared, its cares participated ! If it be so with the sympathy of the creature,

characterized by impotence as it must ever be, what shall we say of that of our "merciful and faithful High Priest," He who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who is afflicted in all our afflictions? It is reserved for the hour of sorrow to discover to the Christian all the preciousness of the Saviour's sympathy: its pre-eminence is best appreciated under those deep exercises of the soul in which the creature cannot follow us; those private griefs and secret anxieties which the heart refuses to impart even to its closest associates. Those only who have felt the oppressive sense of loneliness occasioned by those deep emotions which find no utterance, can at all appreciate the exquisite relief of turning from that external world from which at such seasons we find ourselves so entirely sundered, and in the seclusion of the closet pouring out our hearts before Him "to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid." "The heart knoweth

its own bitterness ;” “ man looketh to the outward appearance :” the exquisite machinery of the inner man lies not within his narrow ken : unless so far as he is enabled to judge of the soul of another by his own, he has no means of ascertaining the nature or depth of those wounds which the several events of God’s painful providences occasion : the same circumstances tell so variously on different individuals that what is accounted but as an inconvenience by one, falls with crushing weight upon another. But He who was “ in all points tempted as we are,” is intimately acquainted with every human heart : He comprehends how each event tells on the beings of His creation ; —He can not only tread with us the secret path of our hidden history, but understand our “ thought afar off,” and enter into all our exercises : with Him we *need*, we *can* maintain no reserves ; in the happy consciousness of unbounded confidence we may tell Him *every* thought. O it is

in the season of deep affliction, when the heart refuses to be comforted by aught earth has to offer, that the value of His presence is felt, whose sympathy (unlike the impotent expression of creaturely tenderness) avails to relieve, and proves sufficient to the mitigation of our sharpest pangs. "The Lord God hath given Him the tongue of the learned, that He may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." He hath anointed Him "to bind up the broken-hearted,"—"to comfort all that mourn,"—to give them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Who has not felt the poverty of human language, as well as the impotence of human sympathy, in the hour of deep distress? Indeed this imperfection of language contributes in no small degree to the imperfection of human sympathy. We find no words in which to express our deeper emotions: language fails to

convey our inner thoughts ; the keener sensations of pleasure or of pain are unutterable : the more exquisite endurances or enjoyments of the heart of man cannot be expressed. This imperfection of language as a vehicle of thought and feeling tells doubly in the hour of deep affliction. It disables us from making tangible to our fellow-man the precise nature of our sufferings ; it robs him of the possibility of making palpable to us the extent or measure in which he reciprocates those feelings, which in the lively exercise of a loving sympathy he can many times comprehend though unexplained. Silence is consequently oftentimes more speaking and consolatory than words :—the friends of Job *so* expressed their sympathy at first in his overwhelming affliction : during “seven days and seven nights none spake a word unto him.” Oh, how his heart must have thanked them for the tenderness of their mute affection!—well had it been for them and him had they persevered in

this wise and expressive silence, and not "darkened counsel by words without knowledge" in the vain and arrogant attempt to expound those judgments which are "a great deep." "*I am God,*" says our Redeemer, the omniscient God, although the "Man of Sorrows:"—He needs not language to acquaint Him with aught that is passing within our hearts; it is all "naked and opened before Him:" He understands "the voice of our breathing," knows all the meaning of the unuttered groan, the uplifted eye. What volumes of thought can the silent tear express to Him! although in the book of His inspiration He has condescended to address us after the manner of men, language when employed by Him loses all its weakness, for He clothes it with power, and delights to magnify the riches of His grace by the very impotence of the instrument He makes effectual:—His still small voice can reach the innermost recesses of the secret chambers

of the soul, and make itself heard and understood, "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" His hand can wipe away *every* tear, and bind up *every* wound. But His sympathy is untiring and inexhaustible as well as faithful and effectual:—the ear of friendship may weary of the oft-repeated tale of misery, the arm of tenderness may sink under the burdens we seek to rest upon it: we have need to remember this and not tax too heavily that sympathy which after all is *finite*, and can therefore be *worn out*; but we may turn to the Friend of sinners without any such apprehension: He is at all times near, willing to listen, waiting to be gracious, ready to help. He welcomes us, although it be a burden brings us to His feet, and sorrow helps to keep us there: His is an unslumbering eye, an ear which is never heavy; untiring love, unwearied compassion, sympathy at once faithful, inexhaustible, and effectual.

"Remember the word unto Thy servant,

upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.”  
 “This is my comfort in my affliction : for Thy word hath quickened me,” Psal. cxix. 49, 50. The Psalmist in this verse opens out another of the fruitful sources of consolation which the Christian mourner possesses in his hour of need. Yes, the promises of the Word are found to be precious at such seasons, “sweeter than honey and the honeycomb :” the light of the furnace helps us to read them, the sorrows of the heart expound them : not a few of them are exclusively designed for the mourner, and we should remain ignorant of their meaning but for those painful visitations which qualify us at once to understand and claim them : “unless Thy word had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction ;” strong language, but fully borne out by the experience of many beside the “man after God’s own heart.”

But let us turn to one or two of those “exceeding great and precious



promises," and examine the staff which has sustained many a pilgrim under the burdens of his rugged path. "Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness," meets our eye as we enter the spiritual treasure-house : the presence and supporting power of our almighty God pledged to us in every season of distress ! are we not almost disposed to exclaim, " what can we require that such a promise does not embrace ? can we sink if He hold us by the right hand ? can we faint if He strengthen us ? can we be desolate, if He be with us ? " But again He speaks ; " When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy

Saviour," Isa. xliii. 2, 3. Here is even a fuller promise, nothing left to inference—"they shall not overflow"—"thou shalt not be burned." O what gracious words to the poor tempest-tossed spirit, when "the waters compass it about even to the soul,"—and "He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves, so that they mount up to heaven,"—how blessed, in the calm confidence of faith, to hush one's fears to peace by the sure word of promise, "they shall not overflow!" or when the furnace seems heated "seven times more than it is wont," so that the flame thereof threatens to destroy, how tranquillizing to hear the "still small voice" whisper, "thou shalt not be burned!" Oh! it was some such promise as this, grasped by the faith of the afflicted Patriarch in his hour of deepest extremity, which helped him to conclude, "He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Vast is the diversity of human grief, and yet there is not a circumstance of trial in which the child of God can be placed for which he will not find a rich provision of comfort made in the promises of the word of God.

Is his complaint—

“ Mine iniquities are gone over mine head ; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me ; ” — “ they have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ” ? Hear the promise — “ I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. ”

Or — “ O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? ” — “ He will subdue our iniquities. ” “ Sin shall not have dominion over you. ”

Or — “ My leanness, my leanness, woe is me ! ” — “ My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. ”

- Or—"I am weak."—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary: and they shall walk, and not faint." "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."
- Or—"I am sick."—"He will make all thy bed in thy sickness."
- Or—"I am oppressed."—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."
- Or—"Lover and friend hast thou put far from me."—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
- Or—"I walk in darkness, and have no light."—"He will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight."
- Or—"It is a day of perplexity."—"I will guide thee with mine eye." "Thine ear shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it,

when ye turn to the right hand, and  
when ye turn to the left."

Or—"He hath removed the desire of  
mine eyes from me with a stroke!"—  
"I will ransom them from the power  
of the grave; I will redeem them from  
death." "My presence shall go with  
thee; and I will give thee rest."

Or—"He hath put my brethren far from  
me, and mine acquaintance are verily  
estranged from me."—"There is no  
man that hath left house, or parents, or  
brethren, or wife, or children, for the  
kingdom of God's sake, who shall not  
receive manifold more in this present  
time, and in the world to come life  
everlasting."

Or—"All day long have I been plagued,  
and chastened every morning." "Why  
hast Thou thus dealt with us?"—  
"What I do thou knowest not now,  
but thou shalt know hereafter."

Or—"Be not far from me, for trouble is  
near."—"I will be with thee in trouble;  
I will deliver thee."

Or—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—"I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

But time would fail to tell of those promises which are the joy and rejoicing of the believer's heart. The mine is inexhaustible, but the treasure is *hid*; hid from the careless, the indolent, the carnal, to reward the faith of the diligent and prayerful student of the word of God. How often has the season of affliction afforded us the leisure for a "search" too much neglected in the day of active engagement and prosperity! How often has "darkness shewn us worlds of light we never saw by day!"

In glancing at the various sources of consolation the Christian mourner possesses we must not omit his *prospects* : it is the *end* of the way which reconciles the pilgrim to the sorrows and trials of the way; it is the assurance of victory that

nerves the warrior's arm for the conflict—the sight of the crown that sustains him under the cross. He can count all present trials “light” whilst he realizes future enjoyments, and “reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed :” he can conclude of all earthly vicissitudes “none of these things move me,” while “from the top of the rock” he beholds “the King in His beauty,” and “the land very far off.” But what is the mighty instrument that enables him to do all this? which makes things invisible to be seen, and things future present, draws back the curtain which conceals the spiritual, annihilates the space which separates that which now is from that which is to come, destroys the power of the visible, and imparts their due influence to things invisible? Faith is this heavenly, mysterious, mighty instrument, “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen :”

—the hand by which we lay hold of Christ for our salvation, of His law for our rule, His precepts for our guidance, His promises for our encouragement and support. Who will not cry, “Lord, increase our faith :” who has not need to add, “help thou mine unbelief ?”

And now ere we pass from the prospects of the believer, given to cheer him amid all present gloom, let us listen to what God the Lord speaks on this soul-inspiring subject; “The days of thy mourning shall be ended ;” “I will give thee rest from thy sorrow ;” “thou shalt weep no more ;” “The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !

It lifts the fainting spirits up ;

It brings to life the dead :

Our conflicts here shall soon be past,

And you and I ascend at last,

Triumphant with our Head.



64 LIGHT FROM THE SANCTUARY—LETTERS.

*The following letters, mostly from the same pen, have been contributed in the hope that what proved comforting to those originally addressed, may be made useful to others under similar circumstances of trial, and their benefit extended in this way.*

No. 1.

MY DEAR MRS. —,

I trust you will acquit me of all intention to violate the sanctity of sorrow, if I venture to give expression to somewhat of the sympathy with which my heart overflows for you and yours, under this overwhelming stroke, and seek to suggest some of those considerations which have silenced my own soul under the inflictions of God's hand, and soothed its sorrows when earthly refuge failed. May the God of all comfort direct my thoughts and guide my pen, and bring home some

word in peace and power to your afflicted mind! Think not that I mean to speak lightly of a loss which I believe you can scarcely exaggerate; oh no, I feel that the chasm is tremendous, one that cannot be contemplated without a shudder; and what must it be to experience it? "Desolate" is the picture drawn by the pencil of truth, of a heart so bereaved, and "desolate," I doubt not, the consciousness under which your spirit writhes: but dear Mrs. —, "because Thou didst it," made David dumb under the heavy stroke of the Almighty, "because Thou didst it," led him "not to open his mouth," even when the most tender ties of nature were severing: "because Thou didst it," caused Aaron to hold his peace when he beheld his two sons snatched from him by the appalling judgment of the Most High; and "because Thou didst it," will silence the repinings of nature within us, if we will only open the ear of faith to hear it. "*Thou,*" and who is

this?—the God of all our mercies, the God to whom we stand indebted for every drop of blessing that has been mingled in the cup of life;—the God on whom we are dependant for all we still enjoy—the God who “gave,” and consequently has an undisputed right to “take.” O shall we not then even out of the midst of anguish cry, “It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good;” true, “His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known,” but eternity will discover, what time often conceals, and in the brightness of that “day without clouds” we shall see, what now we should believe, that “the Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.”

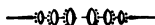
My dear Mrs. —, it is our duty, our wisdom, our happiness, to turn our eye from the wound to Him who has inflicted it, from the blank to the God who has caused it, to raise our thoughts from this

“howling wilderness,” to that world, whose great realities ought to absorb our every interest. This is not our rest, here we may not build. Oh should the trials which impress these truths in language which cannot be misunderstood, only lead us to seek our “portion” where thief cannot enter, or moth destroy: to “set our affections on things above,” then shall we have cause to bless our God for every bitter blast, for every sorrow of our way. O what a comfort to know “afflictions spring not from the dust,” to remember that He whose hands were transfixed for us on the accursed tree, presents the cup of sorrow to our lips, mixed by Himself;—He drained it to its very dregs, and such a cup as never mortal yet was given to taste. Oh, as we witness His bloody sweat, as we hear His piercing cry, “if it be possible let this cup pass from me,” can we doubt His power to sympathize in our sharp pangs as we writhe under withered hopes, and

mourn over blasted gourds? He is “a faithful and merciful High Priest,” touched with the feeling of our infirmities; He does not *willingly* afflict, it is only “if need be” we are in heaviness, and it is “for our profit,” not His pleasure, that He “scourgeth every son that He receiveth.” Myriads now before the throne of God, are blessing Him for the hedge of thorns, with which He fenced their wilderness way. “May we *hear* and *heed* His rod, and yet find our trials to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Yours very truly.



## No. 2.

ALAS ! my dear Miss ——, how little did I think when last I took my pen to trace a few lines to you, on what occasion I should so employ it next ! How little did I anticipate that ere one short week had run its sands, your heart would be bleeding under that desolating stroke which has sundered from you the guide of your youth,—your dearest earthly guardian, instructor, companion, friend—*all* that is comprised in *that one word* which I cannot now bear to utter, because I know full well the anguish with which its very mention must fill your heart. Under such a bereavement how impotent is human sympathy,—how vain the help of man ! The wound is too deep for any balm the creature has to offer, the heart refuses to be comforted by aught that *earth* affords. But is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no Physician there ?

Yes, dear friend, and to Him I would desire to point your weeping eyes, on Him I would beseech you to repose your aching heart. He has balm even for *such* a wound as yours, “for, if His hand is strong to smite, ’tis also strong to save.” He is “the Mighty One of Israel,” “the Almighty,” and yet He trod this wilderness in human form, “the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief;” and why this mysterious, this marvellous condescension? was it not that He might prove “a brother born for adversity,” one who having been in *all* points tempted *as we are*, yet without sin, might *know how* to succour them that are tempted? What a combination is here! “*He knows how*,” —“*He is able*,” and what is more still, He is *willing*, not only willing, but “*waiting* to be gracious,” stretching out His compassionate arms, and crying, “Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest* ;”—*rest*, what a sweet word in this unquiet scene!

just what our poor tempest-tossed spirits yearn to possess, and what is never to be found upon the restless bosom of life's troubled waters. No, we must get above the billows—we must have our feet set upon the rock—"the Rock of Ages," if ever peace is to be the inmate of our breast. Oh, to make the sweet singer of Israel's petition ours, "when my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the rock that is higher than I:" how secure, how peaceful may we there abide although "deep call unto deep,"—looking up with filial confidence to our Father and our Friend, looking down on all below, looking on to that blessed inheritance where there is no more sin nor death, no more sorrowing nor sighing. You have my earnest prayers that the Lord's supporting and sanctifying presence may be with you in this furnace. Let me in Christian affection urge you, in place of nursing your grief, by allowing your thoughts to settle on the sad, sad blow, until with



Jonah you are almost disposed to cry, "I do well to be angry," to carry your sorrow to your God,—to Him who can comfort you. Oh *talk to Him* of *all*, He can shed such a conviction into your mind that "the Judge of all the earth *does right*," as shall hush into peace every rising murmur within, and lead you to receive this and every other infliction of His hand in holy silence at least. Dear friend, "the time is short," soon will life's journey close to you and me, soon will its joys and sorrows be for ever past, let us then gird up our loins, and seek, as "strangers and pilgrims," to pass our few remaining days.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
      \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Yours in much Christian sympathy,



No. 3.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

And so your sweet babe is gone ! the precious boon so recently bestowed, so quickly recalled ! the lovely bud on which your eyes were wont to gaze in fondest delight and brightest hope, cut down by the unsparing hand of him whose relentless scythe sweeps before it indiscriminately youth and age, beauty and deformity, opulence and indigence. Alas ! my friend, against his inroads there is no appeal, a mother's love, and a father's pride, were vain pleas with the unpitying " king of terrors." Ah, I well know how a mother's heart must bleed when called on to surrender one of the dear objects of her tenderest solicitude, to witness the last heaving sigh, and mark the last convulsive sob of the loved one her heart had often fondly pictured soothing his mother's dying pillow, and supporting her sinking

frame in nature's last extremity. But "the Lord gave,"—and it is *He* who has taken. Death is but His *commissioned* messenger; and although to nature's dim vision, his shafts seem to fly at random, faith's keen eye can look beyond the cloud, penetrate the veil, and see each arrow directed by the hand of Him who sits upon the throne, infinite in wisdom, and boundless in compassion and love. My dear friend, try to realize this truth, seek to recognize the hand of your heavenly Father in this stroke, it will check every rising murmur, it will hush into peace every swelling tumult within. But although willing to admit all the keenness of your trial, I think when the first emotions of sorrow have subsided, and the mind becomes sufficiently calm for reflection, there is much connected with an infant's death calculated to soothe even a fond mother's heart. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" here is the *first* ground of comfort, the assurance of

their salvation. Yes, as those lines so well express it :—

“If death’s by sin, they sinned for they lie here,  
If heaven’s by works, in heaven they can’t appear;  
Revere the Bible’s page, the knot’s untied,  
They died, for Adam sinned—they live, for Jesus died.”

Now, my dear friend, what, let me ask, was the object of your soul’s highest desire for the offspring of your love! was it not that it should number with the blood-bought, and live eternally in Paradise? say, as you pressed it to your fond heart, or watched it as it slept, has not the prayer been often uttered, “Lord, save my child, and bless my darling?” And as your eye looked onward and around, as earth with all its snares and sorrows, its trials and vicissitudes rose on your view, how often has the tear started and the sigh been heaved, lest amid life’s shoals and quicksands, the frail bark should be engulfed or make shipwreck ere reaching the haven? and now,

my friend, what is the case? The Lord has granted your highest petition, has realized your first desire, and by removing your child beyond the reach of temptation and sin, has removed all cause of anxiety and apprehension on his behalf. Happy babe! what an exchange for him, heaven for earth, pleasures for evermore instead of life's chequered and dangerous path, fulness of joy, in place of earth's transient pleasures and varied griefs. Privileged mother! the parent of an heir of glory!—her first-born before the throne of God, safe and safe for ever, with the Lord! Oh, dry your tears, my friend, and think upon your infant *as he is*, think of his raptures, his crown, his palm, and say, can you mourn his bliss? What attainments has he already made, how much more does he know than the most favoured saint below? True, you no longer behold his smiling face, no longer grasp him in your fond embrace, no longer listen with the thrill of pleasure,

as his infant tongue first learns to lisp a mother's name, but he has exchanged a mother's for a Saviour's arms, and in place of delighting you with his looks of love, he gazes delightedly on the vision of God, and tunes his harp and strikes its chords, loud as heaven's highest archangel, to his Saviour's praise. Then chide your tears, and cease to mourn, look upward and rejoice, though he shall not return to thee, yet shalt thou go to him. Yes, my dear friend, and the interval is short, the longest life but as "a dream,"—a few more rising suns, a few more rolling years, and you shall meet him, never more to part; and think you not when stretched upon your bed of death, it will be more comforting to you to realize your child as before you in heaven, rather than leave him behind to buffet without you the waves of life's stormy and dangerous sea? Sweet babe! and hast thou reached the haven without a storm—hast thou been given the vic-

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tory, yet spared the toils of conflict—  
hast thou been translated from the cradle  
to the crown? O mistake not thy  
mother's tears,

“Think not she envies thee thy crown ;  
No, if she could, she would not call thee down ;  
    Though slower is her pace,  
    To thee she'll follow on,  
Leaning on Jesus all the way,  
Who now and then lets down a ray  
    Of comfort from His throne.”

Farewell, my dear friend,  
Yours most affectionately,



No 4.

MY DEAR MISS —,

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

O what a blessed, yet tremendous possession, *faith* ! it ensures us *present* sorrows, as well as *everlasting* joy, for it must be *tried*. Yours, dear friend, has been severely exercised within the last few months : nature mourns, but grace endures, and shall triumph. Two such sudden strokes must prove almost stunning to your bewildered mind ! scarcely recovered from the first, until the second comes, and severs even a more tender tie ; but how blessed in this recent instance the *certainty* of bliss to him whose removal you mourn ! Yes, “ *with the Lord,* ”—what can your fond heart wish for him that this does not include ? it matters little in *what way* the believer is ushered



into bliss; the lingering disease—the raging fever—"the chariot of fire," are but the appointed vehicles to bear the ransomed home, and in place of allowing our thoughts to rest upon the "days of mourning," which are ended, thanks be to God, we must seek to follow the emancipated spirit in its rapturous flight, and realize the burst of light and joy that awaited it as the shackles of mortality were loosed, and it broke from its prison-house of clay. How sweet to think—no more sighs, no more conflicts, no more temptation, no more doubt or fear—the clouds and shadows which obscured his prospects here, for ever passed! let us dwell *only* on *past* griefs, to enhance *present* delights; and when the gloomy grave or feverish bed press upon us, may the thought "he is not here, he is risen," come to our relief: what a glad surprise to find himself in heaven, so quickly borne there, that in the twinkling of an eye, sighs and groans

and fears were exchanged for the song of the redeemed ! O what selfish hearts are ours, to mourn over what has proved such "unspeakable gain" to those we love !—yet "Jesus wept," and He can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," His hand alone can wipe away our tears, may it be put forth in your behalf, and may He give you "joy in grief,"—that peace which nothing here can interrupt, that hope which maketh not ashamed ; time is winging its rapid flight with unwearied zeal, and bearing us onward to the termination of our journey ; soon shall life's short "tale" be "told," and eternal realities alone remain. May we hear in every sorrow, a voice that bids us to "arise," and may we seek to live detached from earth, and with hearts and hopes on high.

Yours in Christian love and sympathy.



No. 5.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

\* . \* \* \* \*

\* \* I do deeply feel for you under this sad, sad blow, ah there is only one word for *such* a season—"It is the Lord," may this solemn consideration exercise its due influence! I believe, however, when we have made any soul the subject of earnest, wrestling, persevering supplication, (as you have done,) we should not hastily conclude our petitions unanswered, because we are denied the present *evidence* for which we sigh. Who can say what may pass between the soul and God in the hours of apparent unconsciousness when all intercourse with creatures is suspended? The avenues of the human heart are always open to Him who is "the God of the Spirit of all flesh,"—His voice can be heard when no human

voice is audible : the eye may be opened to gaze upon the Lamb of God, when the films of death hide from it all terrestrial objects, and the soul may be engaged in pleading for mercy and forgiveness in the all-prevailing name of Jesus, when the power of articulation is denied, and it seeks in vain to express to those around the burden of its desires : God may have wise reasons for concealing what, however consolatory to the *few*, might prove highly injurious to the *many*. At all events we have no business to attempt to draw aside the veil, to torture our spirits by seeking to pry into what is in wisdom and love hidden from our eyes. We have prayed, earnestly prayed, for the life of this soul ; God delights to answer prayer, and our prayer has been answered : we may not doubt it, although we cannot at present see in *what way* : here we must rest. O, my dear friend, I do cherish the fond hope that we shall have many a delightful surprise in the eternal world, and recognize amid the

hosts above many a soul given in answer to our prayers that we perhaps hopelessly mourned below. God grant it may be so in this instance, and give you cause to sing of mercy as well as judgment. Dear friend, let us try to lift our eye upward and onward, and urge our way with increased energy in the path to life. A few more fleeting hours, and we shall have for ever done with earth. May we then seek to fill up the passing moments in earnest efforts for those who remain, if by any means we may win some to Christ. May the Comforter be near to sustain and solace you in this and every hour of need, and bring you out of the furnace in His own good time.

Ever, dear Friend,

Yours in true affection.



No. 6.

MY DEAREST ———

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* But you enquire,  
what are my ideas on recognition—do I  
really believe that you shall have the joy  
of meeting your beloved one above, in the  
full consciousness that he was yours? I  
answered without a hesitation, unquestion-  
ably: yes, and feel drawn to him in all  
the peculiarity of that attachment which  
entire congeniality secures. I have not  
the slightest doubt that we shall have our  
preferences above as we have here, but  
we shall be freed from our prejudices: the  
former conduce to our happiness, the latter  
mar it. The fact of our identity, and the  
affinity which kindred minds always expe-  
rience, to my apprehension secure the first:  
the universal freedom from all imperfec-  
tion guards against the second. I cannot  
believe, that He who displays His match-

less wisdom, benevolence, and power, in this department of His creation, by the endless varieties with which He diversifies each class of His productions, delighting our eye in the garden by tints and shades of every hue, and forms of all conceivable diversity—whilst in the moral and intellectual world, no two human minds or hearts, no more than features, are found exactly to correspond, but some variety, greater or less, distinguishes each one from his fellow—I cannot believe, I say, that He who thus arranges here below, will alter His plan above, substituting sameness for diversity, and so annihilating those varieties in the measure of intellect, in the shades of human character, as to destroy identity, and leave us to look in vain for those features, moral or intellectual, which first attracted our affections and afterwards preserved them; no, in the family above we shall find what the family below exhibits, the grand features of family likeness which prove at once our brotherhood, but at the

same time the endless diversities which lend such a charm to social intercourse, and add to the loveliness of the moral landscape. But why do I think we shall know each other? what scriptural grounds can I assign for an opinion to which the instincts of our nature cling? It appears to me the Bible abounds in intimations of this happy truth, and the state of perfection it leads us to anticipate makes it certain. "The just made perfect;" yes, the perfection of every *faculty* as well as every moral quality;—and shall memory prove an exception? is it by the oblivion of the past we shall be taught to wonder and adore? is it not rather by the perfect recollection of every step of our wilderness way, every circumstance connected with that way, every individual associated with us throughout its course—the influence which each one of all these exercised upon our character, whilst the secret, invisible, invincible, marvellous, merciful Hand that was on us for good amid all our wanderings



up and down, shall be made manifest by the light which excelleth, and which shall then shed its all-revealing lustre on the whose history of our past existence? If we “remember all the way,” in which our God has led us, we surely cannot forget the companions of that way. That earth is not forgotten, the song we shall sing gives evidence. Yes, it is to “Him who loved us,” in our low estate, “and washed us from our sins in his own blood,” when He found us polluted in their guilt, that we shall strike our harps, and although nearest and round about the throne, cast ourselves lowest before our God under the *sanctifying recollections* of the past.

“*Son remember,*” &c., is the solemn charge of Abraham to Dives when under his awful change he sought in vain the drop of water to cool his parched tongue. —“I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat,” &c., Christ’s blissful announcement to his own, who when they enquire in astonishment, “When saw we Thee

an hungered," &c., are referred to their kindnesses to His people as accepted as if shewn to himself: but if memory be extinguished, what the use of such a reference to the *past*?—"Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob," &c., are the Lord's words on another occasion;—and shall they not recognize these patriarchs? Was Lazarus unconscious that it was on the bosom of Abraham he reclined? What relief could it prove to the sorrowing hearts of the bereaved disciples to hear that "those which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," if they were never destined to recognize them amongst the crowds of blood-bought ones?—Shall the minister of Christ form an exception to the general rule? shall he recognize his seals in the ministry as his joy and crown, whilst the saints are debarred the privilege of recognizing one another? Far from us be such conclusions: when in the dim

light of distant ages amid Mosaic shadows, David exclaims, "I shall go to him," let us in the meridian blaze of Gospel light rejoice in the consolation. But I shall be told this is carrying our idolatry into heaven, and seeking to place our idols around the very throne of the Most High. What is an *idol*, let me ask? every object of *intense* affection? certainly not; but only those who *usurp in our hearts the first place*, and thus dethrone our God. He allows us to love—He has given us affections in order to their exercise on the creature as well as Himself; nay, He has laid down a law as to their extent in some relationships, "even as Christ also loved the Church." O, what love! how intense—how self-sacrificing—strong as death—which many waters cannot quench! Much of our enjoyment here is connected with our affections; he who knows not what it is to love, knows not what enjoyment means.—But is what is lawful on earth prohibited in heaven?

—Is the love we are commanded to exercise to one another here idolatry when its sphere of expression changes? may we lawfully desire the society of kindred spirits *here*, but be judged guilty of impiety if we carry this desire beyond the grave? If indeed to meet and commune with those we love is our *first* object here or above, the creature has usurped the place of the everlasting God; but if whilst we experience such desire, we can appeal “whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee,” we may comfort ourselves with the Psalmist under many a bereavement by “I shall go to Him.” But I may be asked, does not all this suppose the continuance of carnal ties, and is it not clear from Matt. xxii. 30, these have no place in the world to come?

I answer, no, for I do not say we shall recognize each other hereafter as fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sisters and brothers; no, the purposes for which

these relationships were established having been accomplished, they cease ; but I do maintain where, above and beyond the mere tie of flesh, hearts were bound together here below by the spiritual ligaments of faith in one common Lord—where sympathy of feeling and sentiment drew the cords closer still, and kindred spirits assimilating were “knit together,” the spiritual tie shall survive the dissolution of the fleshly one, and what was found congenial here shall prove so hereafter ; the elements of sympathy shall still exist, and their magnetic attraction be felt, where there are no drawbacks to enjoyment, and all fear of idolatry shall be for ever at an end. O, when the spirit bursts from its prison-house, straight will it wing its way to the vision of the everlasting Jehovah, nor shall it tarry in its flight to greet any of the many blessed ones who await its entrance on the world of bliss ; but that beatific vision realized, that rapturous meeting over, and its

crown cast at Immanuel's feet, shall it not next by instinct turn to those who have been the companions of its way, and as it recounts with such the wonders and mercies of that way, add its chord to theirs in the chorus of the skies ?

You have asked my thoughts on recognition, and I have given them with the freedom which friendship allows. May the Lord pardon what is wrong, and bless to your comfort whatever consists with His truth.

Your much attached.



No. 7.

MY DEAREST —,

\* \* \* \* \*

I have remembered you at a throne of grace. May each stroke which adds to earth's desolation endear to us those bright prospects which faith discerns! how very soon may they be realized by us who remain! how much of meaning in those words, "Those that weep as though they wept not!" How sweet the thought of re-union, when there will be no more death! How little of intercourse may you have lost by this bereavement! I sometimes try to forget some I love are not yet upon earth, (I mean those I seldom saw,) and try to remember our spirits may hold communion just as well, and they before the throne, as when separated by distance here below. \* \*

I am glad for you, and others too,

that Christmas is now past. I suspect we little know all the ingredients which enter into and constitute our joys. The secret is often painfully disclosed when one or two of the unnoticed components gone, we find the sad change, and in anguish ask, why is it? Now I believe this is a season calculated not only to bring before the mind those wondrous scenes around which our hopes and affections alike intertwine, but one which, as the mile-stone on our journey, tells of the lapse of time, and sends the mind back in retrospection on all the changes which that lapse has wrought. Ah, yes! reflection is aroused at such a period; each past return comes under review, and the broken links in the heart's circle stand out in mournful prominence, and make the season, once so joyous, one of such trying association that we would fain let it pass unheeded. What can stay us under such retrospects? As Mr. — so exquisitely expresses it, we plunge one



wing into the past, and balance ourselves by plunging the other into the future. Yes, the past would prove intolerable if we could not look onward and realize the hour when those gone before shall be restored us, and we with them "remember all the way in which our God has led us," only to find fresh themes for praise.

Now for your question, "Is assurance an integral part of christian experience, the absence of which invalidates our claim to the character of believers?" in reply, I say, look to 1 John v. 13, and as we find the inspired Apostle explaining his motive in addressing "the saints of God," "those who believe in the name of the Son of God," that "they might know (their privilege) that *they have eternal life*," let us put far from us the uncharitable, the unscriptural thought. I believe that assurance is a privilege after which we should press, one which beyond all others is indispensable to the *comfort and stability* of the child of God

—one which few invariably enjoy—and one of which inconsistency, or constitutional infirmity, or deficient views of scriptural truth, deprive a *large majority* of the people of God; as to one or other of these causes I think its absence may invariably be traced. Now if 1 John v. 13, does not satisfy you that saints *there were*, as saints *there are*, who needed to be made conscious, or assured of the blessings *that are theirs*, I would ask you where was David's assurance when he pronounced "his hope perished," and inquired, "Is thy mercy clean gone for ever? Doth thy promise fail for evermore?" where was Job's when he went backward, and He was not there; forward, but he found Him not? where the meaning of those words addressed to those who walk in darkness, and *have no light*, who are exhorted still to stay upon their God?

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours most fondly.

No. 8.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I so entirely sympathize with you under present circumstances, that I cannot delay following the dictates of my heart, and telling you so. May the Comforter speak through this means in peace and power to your spirit, *without Him*, "wells without water" must creatures ever prove. Yes, my dear friend, it is trying, while the paths of others seem opening up in brightness, to find that a cloud and shadow still rest on ours, the desire of their hearts granted, whilst ours is denied, their feet led in a "way of peace," whilst we are called to go into "the sanctuary," that we may understand these things. \* \* \* I cannot conceive how they are preserved from despair whose hearts rest in anything short of a "covenant ordered in all things

and *sure*." Is it not the bright bow of promise that animates our hopes in the "dark and cloudy day?" What could stay our souls when buffeting the waves of this stormy scene, but that even on darkest clouds we can trace that token of the covenant which we yet hope to behold encircling Immanuel's throne? May we know more and more of the perfections of *Him* in whom this covenant *stands*, and *shall for ever stand*, and learn to welcome all, however humbling and however painful, that makes Christ precious to us. But still you may be disposed to ask, "Why is it thus with me?" and as I am led to think the dealings of God with other saints often furnish us with a key to His dispensations to ourselves, I would ask you to look with me into the sacred narrative, and tell me why was it that He, who *as soon as*, nay often before, He was asked, anticipated the wishes of His creatures, and stretched forth His hand to heal; or *immediately* accorded the

desired boon, when the Syro-phenician woman drew nigh met *her* petition first with chilling silence, next with the cold repulse? Was it that He loved her less than others? Was it that His *free generous* heart *needed* to be importuned? Ah! no, my friend. It was that He loved her *greatly*—had granted her “great faith,”—intended to get *Himself* great honour through her means, and therefore TRIED her faith, that He might prove it—exercised it that it might “grow exceedingly,”—*concealed* the love His heart felt that He might draw out the *expression of hers*. Did not the end compensate for *the way*, trying as it must have proved? And think you not that *even now* her glad hosannas are sounding to His praise for the *denials* which, perhaps, at the time wrung her heart with anguish? May the Lord, the Spirit, make the application, and teach my dear friend to believe ’tis love which prompts Him thus to lengthen out her painful exercises; and that ere

long the Sun of Righteousness will burst from behind the clouds, making "darkness light before her, and crooked things straight," and giving her in "His light to see light."

How full of meaning are those words of Jesus to faithless Thomas: "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." *Such* is your privilege; whilst the Lord "carries the lambs in His arms," He calls those more advanced in the Christian life to "walk by faith," and to honour Him by "*believing*," although they do not "*see*." I remember being greatly struck by what I once heard of a very eminent saint, who was denied all sensible comfort on his dying-bed. "If my Father is pleased to put His child to bed without a candle," said he, "I shall sleep just as safely as any of those to whom He affords it."

Sometimes the Lord does condescend to allow us to lean on His breast, and

ask like John, "Why? Who? How?" At others He points us to the future, and only answers, "Thou shalt know hereafter." *His character* however, is *enough for us*; we can "trust Him," and believe. "He doeth all things well." Soon shall the mists of earth for ever disappear, and the light of a bright eternal day make that to be "seen," which is now "believed." \* \* \* \*

I long to hear that you continue to gain strength, but however this may be, "the will of the Lord be done:" sure I am it needs more grace to "stand still" than to "go forward," and it often quiets me to think how *angels* may be learning from us when the Lord denies us the pleasure of teaching our fellow men. Does not St. Paul intimate something of this kind when he says, "we are made, a spectacle unto *angels*?" and also, "by *the Church* is made known to principalities and powers the manifold wisdom of God?" Do not think me presumptuous thus to speak;

surely we teach angels the persevering *patience* of the Lord, when notwithstanding all our stupidity and stubbornness, they find Him continuing to instruct us; and when He corrects our will, bows it to his own,—makes us ready to *serve* or to *suffer*—does not the loud “hosanna to the Son of David,” re-echo through the skies, and “great and marvellous are *Thy works*, Lord, God Almighty,” burst from the angelic throng?

I send you the last letter I received from dearest —, thinking it may refresh you. She had indeed reached the *head class* in the school of Christ. How sweet to think her education is now completed and she has entered on her glorious inheritance!

Yours most affectionately in Christ.





No. 9.

MY DEAR MISS —,

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* I feel that  
 your present state of *apparent* insensibility  
 to a loss which those less interested shud-  
 der to contemplate, is peculiarly trying ;  
 although I believe we can find what is  
 analagous to it in what so often occurs to  
 the *outer* man. We see our fellow-crea-  
 ture precipitated from some tremendous  
 height: spectators tremble, and fear and  
 horror take possession of every *witnessing*  
 breast ; but the injured one, *stunned by*  
*the fall*, however wounded, lies *for a time*  
 unconscious of all. Such insensibility,  
 however, is but for a season, and a painful  
 awakening to the real danger and injuries  
 is sure, sooner or later, to occur. Now I  
 believe you are yet under the stunning  
 influence of this tremendous stroke ; and

time will yet cause you to *feel* all that you have lost. Meanwhile the consciousness of insensibility is very distressing ; and I would have you to bring it to the Lord, and ask Him to remove the stone, and give a heart of flesh, that you may *feel* what He has done, and know that “it is not without cause that He hath done all that He hath done unto you.” *Not* to *feel* the chastening is surely to “despise it:” but that it is possible for you continually not to feel the loss of the fondest, kindest, most unselfish, disinterested, devoted friend that you possessed on earth appears to me a thing incredible. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“In the day of adversity consider,” is the wise man’s advice, and well calculated is the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, the necessary seclusion of the house of mourning to lead us to this exercise. Consider what are our ways ; first, have they been such as our God approves, have they been regulated by a desire for His

glory, has He had the place He claims, and has every thought and wish and word and deed been subordinated to Him? has His acquaintance been sought as the great end of life, connected as it must ever be with conformity to the Being known and loved! Dear friend, these are searching considerations; who but must confess, "in every thing I come short and in all things offend?" should not the result of such heart-searchings be to humble us in the dust before our God, to lead us earnestly to implore His pardon for the past and anxiously to beseech His grace for the future? Ah we need to be dissolved into nothing that we may have Christ for our "all," and never can we be reduced to this salutary prostration but by the same process which emptied the patriarch of all his self-justification: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Ask the Lord then,

as you have long been hearing of Him by the hearing of the ear, to give you such a sight of Him as shall abase, console, and sanctify, and remember it is "*afterwards* affliction yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them that are *exercised* thereby." *Present* convictions and resolves may seem strong, but it is the *future* which must evidence whether they are sanctifying, it is by your future conduct and conversation—your future temper and deportment you must judge whether this tremendous stroke has proved a blessing or otherwise. Be much in prayer my dear friend, live with the Lord, now that you are shut out from man; bring Him every infirmity, anxiety, perplexity, and care, He is the "Wonderful Counsellor," who teacheth like Him? He is the mighty God, so He can *thoroughly plead* your cause. O! the furnace is the place where we can best learn the blessedness of *intimate association* with the friend of sinners, it is there

we learn the meaning of the contrast,  
“I am *God* and *not man*.” God, able,  
willing, ready, near, unchangeable, satis-  
fying—need I add, not impotent, unstable,  
insufficient, as the creature ever proves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours in sincerity and affection.



No. 10.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \*      It is a comfort to  
me to know, He who stilled the tempest  
in the days of His flesh, possesses no less  
power now that He is at the right hand

of God ; He can still whisper, “ it is I,” and these words once heard within, the tumult is hushed into peace and there is a great *calm*. How affecting the patriarch’s words, “ *wherefore* contendest Thou with me,” “ *teach me and I will hold my tongue:*” —many were his trials, *weighty* his griefs, mysterious the desolating decree that seemed to have gone forth against him : in one day—children—brothers—servants—possessions—*all*, swept clean away ; and yet he cries, “ teach me and I will hold my tongue :” “ though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” My dear friend, may we partake of his spirit, and putting far from us man’s ignorance and aggravating estimate of the proceedings of our God, come to *Himself* to learn *why* He contends ? *what is the message* He sends to our souls by this solemn dispensation ? He is the only unerring expositor of his ways, and we may be satisfied that we have cause to sing of mercy as well as judgment, for many a drop of mercy is

mingled in the bitterest cup. “The God that answered me in the day of my distress,” was Jacob’s memorial of his Almighty Friend ; ah, how little should we know of Him, but for these “days of our distress” in which He proves the sufficiency of His grace, the supporting and sanctifying power of His presence, and the inexhaustible treasures of His goodness. May you and I have yet cause to set our seal to the same blessed testimony, and proclaim “the God who answered *me* in the day of *my* distress.”       \*       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Very affectionately yours. .



No. 11.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*

I know too well by experience what a clog the poor body proves, and how depressing its influence on the mind, not to be able to sympathize with you in this painful prostration of spirit; and I have learned that in order to sympathize we must suffer, for those only understand the trial who have endured it. How blessed to think that He whose sympathy can make us independent of all the creature has to bestow, was “made perfect by suffering :”

“In every pang that rends the heart,  
The man of sorrows had a part,”

therefore “in *all* our afflictions He is afflicted.” Yes, *in all*—even in those which would only provoke the smile of our fellow man. He is too intimately ac-



quainted with the constitution of our being not to know exactly how each sorrow tells on us, and that human hearts are moulded so differently, that what cuts one to its very core makes no impression on another. This gives His sympathy the "*preeminence*;"—it is perfect: our sighs and tears may tire the fond ear of human friendship, not so the Lord's; we may appeal to Him at *all times*; bring our *every* sorrow to His bosom, and lay our burden with ourself upon that precious resting-place. And then the power to succour exists in the very Being who feels the truest, tenderest sympathy! He can wipe away our tears; He can hush our fears into peace; refresh the weary soul, and cause "peace to flow like a river" where all was wretchedness and woe. Yes, He makes "the *wilderness* to rejoice and blossom like the rose," and causes "*rivers* to spring up in the *desert*." \* \* \*

Why does He deny us what we desire in the creature? is it not to discover to us

His own fulness, and satisfy us *in and with Himself*? Why must we often cry, “lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and hid mine acquaintance in darkness?”—is it not that we may learn the meaning of these blessed words, “I am *God*, and not man?” “the *same* yesterday, to-day, and for ever”—the same in unspeakable love; the same in unchanging faithfulness; the same in “merciful kindness,” and tender compassion;—the same in all-sufficient grace, and all-satisfying fulness, amid all the changes of our varying frames and chequered existence. My dear friend, shall we not bless Him for any discipline which leads us into closer intimacy with *such* a God? shall not our soul’s language be, “Lord, anything, everything which brings me nearer unto Thee!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now while I say all this, I feel it is a duty to try and “appear not unto men to fast,” even when the spirit of heaviness is

ours. They cannot understand or allow for the actings of the body on the mind, and are prone to lay to the account of our religion what ought to be traced to our *disease*. I know it is difficult to do this, but I am sure a blessing will attend the effort. In the very attempt for the Lord's sake to put on a cheerful countenance that His Gospel be not maligned, often does He exchange "the spirit of heaviness" for that of joy. Try then, dearest —, to *look* what perhaps you do not *feel*: as far as possible endeavour to enter into the innocent enjoyments and pursuits of those who have yet a better hope to seek, and believe me you will do more to recommend religion by such "self-denial," than by all the lectures you could give.

\* \* \* \*

Why concern ourselves so much as to the nature of the path we tread to glory? How soon must all of earthly cross, or care, or joy, be lost in the overwhelming mag-

nitude of eternal *realities*! If we had a long lease of our possessions here we might distress ourselves if they proved uncomfortable or irksome; but tenants by the hour, nay, by the *moment*, what have we to do with such complaints? It may be a *solitary* way our God has chosen for us, and a *sorrowful* one, but as it issues in everlasting joy, what matter? Ah! we shall have sympathy above, and blessed company, however we may lack it here, no solitary heart before the throne, no lonely one in the high courts of heaven. Cheer up then, my dear friend, "look beyond this vale of tears," and as you realize your happy home, ask, can you go mourning all your days? Must you not lift your harp from off the willows, and begin, even in this "valley of weeping," the song of praise which you shall yet sing in chorus with the "innumerable company?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours in much love and sympathy.

No. 12.

MY DEAREST —,

\* \* \* How close, how mysterious the connexion between mind and matter! how strange the reciprocal influence they exercise! When shall the body prove the soul's willing servant, and cease to be its burdensome accompaniment? And yet it is true, "not that we would be unclothed:"—no, with all its infirmities, we love the poor tottering tabernacle; and when for a season parted from it, shall even before the throne, sigh for the period of our re-union with the companion of our earthly pilgrimage. I am anxious to know what you think of Taylor's ideas on the advantages that "mind" obtains through means of its connexion with "matter;" it is a point little considered, I think, and yet a very interesting one. Most good people seem to me to look upon deliverance from the

body as *this*, or a grand desideratum ; and yet is not death called an "enemy," to the believer "the last,"—but still an enemy ? Are we not taught to look upon our bliss as incomplete until death itself shall be cast into the lake, and the trump of God unite those whom it has sundered to part no more ? I know when we have recently been bereaved of those we love, the heart desires to follow them, and longs to form some tangible idea of what is, what will be, within the veil. I delight to seek confirmation of my own belief in the social character of the enjoyments yet reserved for those above, who were bound to each other here, not by the mere bond of flesh, (for what is this when higher bonds are wanting ?) but in the bonds of the Spirit also. Sure I am the book of God's providence, as well as of His grace, will furnish us with many a delightful study in the world of bliss ; but is it with angels or saints of other days we shall delight to open its glorious page, and

follow out the links of that marvellous chain which our life's history presents? Perhaps I err; but high as is my estimate of the increase which all our powers shall experience when we shall be "made perfect," I cannot think it is to Michael, or to David either, we shall turn when we wish to read our life's history in the light of eternal day. No, the perfections of Godhead, the mysteries of redemption, are themes we shall love to discuss with such, because they are common subjects of interest to all; but when we descend to particulars, and wish to turn to personalities, is it not to those who have *trodden with us* the path of life, in whole or in part, we shall by instinct cling? My ideas of sympathy necessitate this conclusion: do we not all feel that where there exists the power to sympathize, those can most entirely do so who are intimately acquainted with, not only us, but ours, and all the circumstances which tell upon us? Many have the will to sympathize,

but we feel it impossible to claim their sympathy, we are so unable or unwilling to expose the thousand things which constitute the "bitter" in the cup of life. I must not however wander on, failing as I fear I do to convey to you the idea I desire; let me only simply ask you ere I close, would you not even, with perfected powers, feel so weary of acquainting Moses, or David either, with all the circumstances indispensable to qualify either to understand the mercies and burdens of *your* way, that rather than begin the Herculean task, you would content yourself with striking your harp *alone* to its *own* chord of praise?

\* \* \* \* \*

Your very affectionate.





## No. 13.

MY DEAREST —,

Yes, I do feel for you, most keenly feel; ah, when the cry is wrung from many a heart, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," what must be the experience of your bereaved soul? But Jesus knows it *all*. This is *my* comfort, as I am sure it is *yours*. *He* knows it, whose presence can compensate all creature blanks, whose arm can supply our every need. O how unspeakable a blessing to know it is for yourselves *alone* you weep, no tears to shed for him. No, he has exchanged conflict, suffering, earth, for fulness of joy for evermore. It almost shames one out of grief to think that, as your tears are flowing, his happy spirit is exulting in its God and Saviour: welcomed by hundreds of "the just made perfect," who now

prove his "joy and crown :"—greeted by the salutation, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," whilst angels and arch-angels tune their harps afresh to hymn His praise, to the glory of whose grace another trophy is now added. "The memory of the just is blessed,"—how comforting to think whilst hundreds hail him in the eternal world as their spiritual father, hundreds here below recognize him as the honoured instrument of good to their souls ; so that you weep not alone, many mourn *with* you, as well as *for* you. May we be followers of those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises ; and in place of allowing our eye to *rest* on the blank which his removal has made in the Church *below*, may we contemplate perpetually his filled mansion *above*, and seek to realize the period when the days of our mourning shall be ended, and we shall join that happy family, and be "for

ever with the Lord." What a word is that, "I am with thee." *I*, the undying, unchanging, almighty, tender, compassionate Redeemer. Shall not our souls respond, it is enough :—we ask no more, come what may, if thou art with us, gracious Lord !

Your attached Sister in Christ.



# No. 14.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

\* \* \* \* \*

To the question you propose, which is so often put by mourners like yourself, with trembling anxiety, " Shall we know each other in heaven ?" I should unhesita-

tingly answer,—Yes. And when called upon to state the grounds of my confidence, one of the first I would notice should be deduced from the universal admission that personal identity is not affected by death; but that each individual of the human family will, in his own proper person, stand before God to give account of the deeds done in the body. If then each one retain his own individuality, it seems to follow, as a necessary consequence, that the individuality of others shall be recognized, when those so recognized were oftentimes the companions and associates in those actions for which an account is now to be rendered.

The rich man failed not to recognize the beggar that had once been fed by the crumbs from his table, and fain would have had him as the bearer of one drop of water, to cool his parched tongue; nor did Abraham fail to identify the "Son," who in his life time had received his good things, or "the poor of this world, but

rich in faith," who then realized with him the blessed communion of the spirits of the just made perfect.—Again, heaven is a state of perfection; those spiritual graces which are implanted in the renewed heart by the Holy Ghost, and which even here attain a certain degree of vigour, will there reach their maturity; when we see Christ we shall be like Him. But if these graces thus abide, and mature, that in which they were implanted and through which they were manifested must likewise remain. The seed cannot be separated from the soil;—if, as a whole, the mental constitution is confessedly indestructible, surely it is only reasonable to conclude that every constituent part will not only remain, but gain an accession of power and acuteness such as we cannot now conceive. Memory is a faculty holding a high place in man's intellectual being; when seriously impaired it unfits a man for any great mental effort; and when wholly lost he is no longer considered a respon-

sible being. Shall we then suppose that in a state of perfection, this faculty will be lacking, and what passed on earth clean forgotten? I cannot believe it,—far otherwise; it is my conviction that all those who, are come out of great tribulation, having “washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” will, as they sing the song of thanksgiving to him who has made them whiter than snow by that blood, remember the most minute particulars connected with those sins, as well as all the love and mercy which kept them back from others. But while they recall the past mercies of their God, will the instruments by whose means they were conveyed be forgotten? The minister by whom they were begotten to a lively hope;—the mother who first impressed her love of Jesus;—the friend who won into the way of peace the poor wanderer,—the companion who counselled and comforted and edified;—will these, and ten thousand beside, who all helped

us into the way, or kept us in it, be loved and honoured and remembered only till we reach that world whither they have guided our steps? Is the love and gratitude, so strongly inculcated in the Scriptures of truth, destined to end with time; and shall the heart retain unimpaired these tender affections up to the moment of dissolution, only to have them annihilated by the stroke of death? It is not,—it cannot be so;—the minister of Christ shall recognize the fruit of his toil, as “his crown of rejoicing, in the day of Christ Jesus,” when the flock and the shepherd meet eye to eye. The christian parent shall rejoicingly exclaim, “Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me,” when the whole family is reunited before the throne. They that sow, and they that reap shall rejoice together, over the fruit of their labour in the great harvest time. And whilst every crown shall be cast at Immanuel’s feet, in the day when He makes up his jewels, the finger of faith, under

the guidance of a sanctified and perfected memory, will point to the various instrumentality employed in the blessed work of the soul's conversion—will recognize and gratefully acknowledge the bit of clay which, in the Master's hand, was used to open the eyes of the blind. But some will argue,—with earth all earthly associations and recognitions cease, for in heaven we shall require nothing to perfect our happiness but the vision of God. I admit, if God so willed it, that He should be the *only* as well as the *supreme* object of our love, there can be no doubt there is in Him a fulness more than sufficient to satisfy every longing of the heart; but the question is, has God revealed this as His intention toward His children? Does it not, on the contrary, appear from the scriptures that He who made man, and knows his frame, considers companionship with creatures of a like nature to conduce to his best interests? "It is not good for man to be alone," was His decision in Eden,



why should we conclude it otherwise in heaven? Christ is all in all to His people, now as hereafter; they trace Him in every blessing, and this adds a thousand-fold to its preciousness; they trace Him in every sorrow, and this renders supportable what otherwise would overwhelm. Without His presence the most envied lot on earth would prove a desolate portion, and with His presence, the prison and the dungeon can become the very gate of heaven. If this be so, even while sin is an inmate of the breast, and Satan is practising his wiles, undoubtedly in a state of perfection God will be the supreme and satisfying object. His love will pervade the soul, as light pervades the atmosphere, and all his gifts will but reflect the more strongly His love; so that when those, whose hearts were united on earth are again allowed to meet in heaven and mingle their thanksgivings in the retrospect of the past, every emotion will be hallowed by the consciousness of the one source

from which their happiness is derived,  
every enjoyment recognized as but a  
stream from that fountain where they shall  
drink and be satisfied for ever. \*        \*

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*



No. 15.

MY DEAR —

Sympathy is a very sweet bond, uniting heart to heart; and none is so enduring as that which grows out of faith in a common Saviour. Through this, earthly ties and friendships form an introduction to the more lasting ones which shall live and be perpetuated through a better and an eternal life. Though we speak often

one to another of immortality and life, that which is emphatically and truly *life*, yet how little accustomed are we to ascend to the lofty experience of these great words. The distance at which we are content to live below these exalted realities, sometimes opens and discovers itself to us, by the surprise with which we are taken when they come near—and when through their proximity they stand out in their full magnitude, and are forced on our view. There are times in the history of most when some feeling like this, with reference to things that are eternal, comes over the mind and passes through the heart,—a feeling of surprise at the distance and difference between talk and experience. But none, I believe, are so conscious of this, in this present life, as the children of God; partly because they are occupied about spiritual things habitually, as others are not; and partly because they now and again obtain, through faith, substantial discoveries of

things unseen, which others do not. You will understand the word "substantial" to have reference to the definition given of faith. Heb. xi. 1. I mean such a powerful conviction of the truth of those things as gives them substantiality in their minds. But, again, even in the mind of a believer, what gradations are there in such experiences as this! How much of his knowledge is notional, as I may say, and revealed by flesh and blood—the teaching of man—and how little a portion has he heard or been taught of God. This is an impression growingly deepened in my heart, as I observe the ways of God, or seem to understand the teaching of his Spirit. It is with the heart that God deals, it is there that he works faith;—this he breaks, this he opens, this he renews, this he educates; and the school in which he carries on his discipline is one of suffering—painful and crucifying to the flesh—but in the end, life and peace to the soul. Every lesson taught by the

Spirit, however dearly bought, is cheaply purchased. There is no truth taught or learned experimentally which is not worth all the suffering it has cost to reach it. Nothing thus gained is ever lost; and they who drink most deeply of the cup, are most enriched with the precious and peaceable fruits of righteousness, which the Father delights to behold on the trees of his own planting, and whereby he is glorified. This, however, is reserved, usually, for the later and more advanced life of the believer; it is, so to speak, the autumn of his years, when we may see him visibly ripening for the inheritance of the saints in light—the process may be more or less rapid, carried out and completed in *patience* ordinarily rather than in *action*; and whether in the young or the aged, perfected alike through the faithfulness of him who had begun the good work in the vessel, which he had afore prepared unto glory. Then, when the harvest is ready, he putteth in the sickle \* \* \* \* \*

Do not think it strange, my dear —, that you should be laid by, and constrained to sit alone, for this is your Father's doing, who is dealing with you as with a child. His thoughts are far above ours, as the heaven is above the earth; and as He chooseth our inheritance for us, so he prepareth us for it. As clay in the hands of the potter, so should we be in His—*alike passive*, that he may mould us according to the fashion of his own eternal purpose. How incompetent are we to choose for ourselves! and unwise if we resist or repine at His choice for us. Is He our Father? Then we may trust his love, as we know that his wisdom and power make all things subservient to the interests and blessedness of his people. Be not startled to find the invisible nearer and more real than you had ever done. They are not so, only made more apparently so, for they have always been *real*, as we may at any time be made to feel them—and ever so

*near* that we have been separated from them but by a step ; and both these facts we have professed to believe. But herein lies the difference between notional and true faith, or the teaching of man, and that which cometh from above ; the latter gives reality to the things believed ; the former brings them nothing nearer, and leaves the character uninfluenced by their power. The same realizing power will now extend itself to every object proposed by the Spirit of God to your faith. Above all, a precious Jesus will every hour discover more and more of His preciousness to the soul. He is the Father's gift to us, and in him are "riches unsearchable." In him we have redemption through his blood—the forgiveness of sins. In him, righteousness and life ; in him, peace ; in him, holiness ; yea, in him, are all the promises of God, "Yea, and amen, to the glory of God by us." He is All and in All.

What would not the child of God pati-

ently endure that he might say ultimately, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee"? For this he could close his eyes on earth for ever, and the former things should not come into his mind, or be remembered any more at all by him. May you have nearer and brighter discoveries of his glory, and under all changes find Him who changeth not ever present with you, supporting, strengthening, and comforting you to the end of the wilderness path, and until you see Him face to face—for ever with the Lord.

Yours most truly.





## No. 16.

MY DEAR —

Truly and deeply do we sorrow with you, and dear Mrs. —, in your sore bereavement, so unlooked for that it seems unreal,—a strange, and startling voice from Him who speaks in solemn providences. Among the many we left in health and youth, with prospect of life and length of days, was there one whose removal we could have less anticipated? It seemed to us not one. But *yours* is the house, and *she* the member to whom the errand comes. It was no chance that did it, nor was it to be avoided by any human foresight; it is the hand of God—Let us then still the voice of weeping, and listen what it is the Father says. There is wisdom, there is mercy, there is tenderness and compassion, there is kindness and love, entering into and blending with every act of His to such as trust and

fear Him. We may rest assured of this. We may not see them now, or be able to trace these lines, or read His providences, and what is written on them as a message from *His* heart to *ours*. We may be strangers to His voice, (as Samuel, when he did not yet know the Lord), and unaccustomed to turn our thoughts to the language in which He speaks to men; for “God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not.” All this may be so, and we should not wonder to find ourselves confounded, and unable to understand when he suddenly arrests us, and calls us to hear His voice; but be assured, there is love and mercy in that voice. Even if after the most painful efforts and the most patient submission we could not see or understand the meaning of what the Lord is doing, still, we may recall the words of the loving Saviour, “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” But is there not much in such a providence as

this, which a reflective mind can read? It was not because He *hated* the child or you, that the Lord has taken her away just at this time. If in taste, pursuit, and opportunity she might have been endangered to the peril of her soul, by continuing in the world. If there is no power in the most fond parental watchfulness to save a child from this. If at the very threshold of life's snares and sorrows a Father's hand has been put forth to snatch the precious soul from impending and inevitable ruin. Was there not—is there not love in this? If in sheltering her from the future, He turned her eyes on the past, and revealed enough of the evil of her heart and ways to shew her, how little she could trust or promise for herself, and how dependant—wholly dependant—she was and ever must be on a Saviour's grace and love,—Oh, was there not love and mercy, in this! Abounding love and mercy! It needs no practised eye in the ways of God to read

this much written plainly on this providence, as regards the dear youthful soul, herself. To you my dear —, is there not mercy—great mercy, and tenderness mingled with the mercy, if you can see it in this light? But if not, think again and say, might it not have been so? Or if the mind cannot say—yes, to either of these, still believe, and you shall yet see there *is* loving kindness in this chastisement, for He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men. And what if this sore visitation should be the means—the appointed means—of introducing you to the knowledge of God,—such a knowledge as you had not hitherto conceived,—a knowledge that would give life and peace and blessing to your soul,—acquaintance with Him as your Father in whom you could ever trust and confide—as a friend, none of whose acts you could fear—as a covenant God and Saviour, who had ordained you to eternal glory—would not such fruit as this reconcile you to the

bitterness of the stroke? If you cannot understand it now, wait, and you shall know it hereafter. Have I been too bold in saying all this to you? Or, if I have, will you not bear with me, and accept what I write for the motive's sake. If I interpret aright the providence of God, then is the word worthy of acceptance for His sake—for I am but his interpreter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Believe me,

yours most faithfully.



No. 17.

MY DEAR —,

I am distressed very much—I dreamed not of such a trial coming on you. Your Father in heaven permits it, sends it; and good is the will of God. Humble yourself under his mighty hand; your help is from above; there is no extremity from which the hand of Omnipotence cannot save. Be not pressed out of measure, above strength, so as to despair of the Lord's help; is he not with you while thus passing through the waters? You are not, it may be, sensible of his presence. He does not *manifest* himself to you, you do not *see, feel, hear* him; but it is not to *sense* he manifests himself,—know you not this? It is to *faith*, nay whether you will believe it or not, he is present,—looking upon all,—taking knowledge of all. And when your

faith makes sure of this, your heart is comforted. It is easy to believe when *sense* says the same thing with *faith*. But when the former is silent, or says contrary to what faith says—then to go with faith, and not with sense, this is acceptable with God. Nay, sometimes sense will violently contradict faith, and say all which it says and believes is a *lie*—yet to hold still with faith, this pleases God.—To walk with God *in the dark*, how much he values such friendship, because it trusts Him ! To go with him when we do not know whither he is leading us ; how well he takes this of us, because it shews our full confidence in Him ! All this he is now asking you to do—let not faith stagger or hesitate. Be strong,—yes, dear child, be strong, fear not. It is a dark hour, but there is light behind the cloud—below the horizon—the sun will return yet. He will arise and shine, and thy light will come. Wait, wait for the Lord, as they that watch for the morning ; yea, more than

they that watch for the morning. Now dear—the Lord strengthen you to do this. Is not this my prayer to him for you? I say to him, to the Lord—Strengthen her, enable her to hold by thy hand in the day of tribulation, do not suffer her to be tempted above that she is able, but with the temptation make a way of deliverance for her. In her trial shew thyself gracious, and sanctify her; grant her heart's desire, and fulfil all her petitions; and when thou shalt have made her trial answer all thy purposes in her and toward her, then let her come forth as gold purified!

Believe me,

Yours, &c.





## No. 18.

MY SISTER,

The Lord is with you—deep waters, very deep—but you do not sink. I would but I cannot speak. Who can now speak but the one—the only one who can speak to the heart? Deep waters! but has he not said; “When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee?” Is His word true? He is thy God, and thine own one’s God. He served him—he walked with Him—he loved him, and was loved by him—and now where is he? With him, and for ever! blessed thought! But—you are alone—not alone I trust—yea, I am *sure* you are not: even though you do not *feel* His presence, he is present with you—never nearer, never kinder, never closer than now. Henceforward His will be the place that was filled by the absent one—your friend: your children’s Father. I

could find relief in weeping, but I refrain, I could weep with you, and for you, but I will refrain my tears for him. Why weep for him? no, not for him—we weep because he is not with us, but not because it is not well with him. We would bring him back, but that may not, cannot be. His work was done, and I am sure his Master said, *well* done; and, the work finished, he is entered into rest. Weep, weep. You may weep, but not tears of anguish, not bitter tears; weep, and be relieved in your sorrow, and then gird up thy loins and be strong. *Your* work is not done. Love bids you rise and be strong. But you must rest awhile—you must sit still—you must bear the sorrow. Yes, and He will help you; the Hand that wounds will heal; He will be with you in trouble. Dark hour—heavy cloud—and yet He is in it—and behind it. He comes in this cloud. You cannot *see* Him, but He is there in this cloud. You will yet see Him, there is a day coming when

it shall be light—when all this shall be clear, and you will read a Father's love—His deepest love in His darkest trial—when He came to you covered with impenetrable night.

*Monday.* Again, after an interval, I take up my pen to talk with you. I could speak, if I were with you, by your side, with more ease; and yet I sometimes think, I could only sit in silence, and mingle tears with yours. The sorrow is too heavy for words either to express or to soothe, and there is but One who can support or comfort. Is it a relief to think that Jesus wept—wept, and in sympathy. He does not weep now, but He sympathizes with them that do. He is as though He wept, while He looks on you. He it is who opened the door when the spirit of the loved one passed from hence; and as He parted both—taking him, and leaving you, He felt the pang that rent your heart, and He would have spared that sorrow if He could—but it was to be. There was

a need-be for it; accept it at His hand; say—though hard it is to say—yet say, “Thy will be done.”

I think I will say no more now. You will be weary, reading, talking, thinking. Oh! you will say, if I could rest, if I could cease to think, if I could be as in days past! Many such things will come into the mind; but now hear me. Look forward—look upward—look on Him that is with you—lean on Him. Trust Him—make Him everything to you that *he* was, who for a little is absent from you. Consult Him in everything—talk to Him as if you felt and saw Him present before you, and believe that now, henceforward, and always hereafter, He will be more to you, than he ever has been heretofore—a Father of your fatherless children, and a Friend to your widowed heart.

Yours, &c.



No. 19.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I WAS dumb—I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.” My sister, we will be silent, for it is the Lord’s Hand. Oh, mysterious Hand ! But are not His ways in the sea ? His paths in the deep waters ? We cannot see or follow whither He would lead, and we must be silent and trust.

“What I do thou knowest not now,” but shall we not know hereafter ? Oh, yes, “*hereafter*” we shall know : and impossible as it may now seem, we shall yet, and then say, “He hath done all things well.” Dark hour to the lone one, to the newly-widowed heart—and who will comfort her ? who will now take the place, or fill up the void, or heal the breach ? He, and He only, who saith, “I wound and I heal.” His hand has

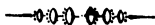
made the breach, and His alone can bind it up. We are powerless—never so seen as in a time like this—physicians of no value, miserable comforters. If we essay or try to comfort, the poor afflicted one says, “The hand of God hath touched me.”

But, is *His* hand shortened that it cannot help, or save, or comfort? and will He not appear now, will He not shew Himself? are His consolations small, or is He now straitened that He cannot bring relief? Oh let us not think so, no, not for an hour, or instant. Let us not question His love, His power, His will. They are all here, and with us. He Himself is with us; God is on our side, doubt it not. The spirit that is fled, the soul He has taken, was His own, precious to Himself, and He has taken it up to be with Himself.

Are we not looking up and expecting to be with Him? Then why mourn, as though the cloud which now has received

him, should not again open and restore him to our view. It is but a "little while." Is it not a little while? Yea, how short we do not realise. It is but a little while and we shall meet, and join the absent and those gone before. Our circle narrows, and our company lessens as we approach the confines. We sorrow not as those without hope, and we live not as those whose homes and whose hearts are here. Let us look upwards, onwards, and in a little while all shall be well. We shall meet together at His coming, and shall be ever with the Lord. His sustaining grace, and His loving arm be underneath and around and with you, loved and bereaved one, and with your sister also.

Yours in the Lord.



## Gymns suited to Mourners.

---

“WE would see Jesus”—for the shadows  
lengthen

Across the little landscape of our life :

• We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
strengthen

For the last weariness—the final strife.

“We would see Jesus”—for life’s hand hath  
rested

With its dark touch npon both heart and  
brow ;

And though our souls have many a billow  
breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

“We would see Jesus”—the great rock  
foundation,

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign  
grace ;

Not life nor death, with all their agitation,

Can thence remove us, if we see His face.



“We would see Jesus”—other lights are  
paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to  
see :

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,  
We would not mourn them, for we go to  
Thee.

“We would see Jesus”—yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its  
fingers—

Our love to thee makes not this love less  
strong.

“We would see Jesus”—sense is all too  
blinding,  
And heaven appears too dim—too far  
away ;

We would see Thee, to gain a sweet re-  
minding,  
That Thou hast promised our great debt  
to pay.

“We would see Jesus”—this is all we’re  
needing—  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight.

“We would see Jesus,” dying, risen, pleading,  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal  
night!

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## NATURE AND FAITH.

WE wept—’twas *Nature* wept—but Faith  
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,  
And in yon world so fair and bright  
Behold thee in refulgent light!  
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather  
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.  
*Nature* sees the body dead—  
Faith beholds the spirit fled.  
*Nature* stops at Jordan’s tide—  
*Faith* beholds the other side;  
That but hears farewell and sighs,  
This, thy welcome in the skies;  
*Nature* mourns a cruel blow—  
Faith assures it is not so;  
*Nature* never sees thee more—  
Faith but sees thee gone before;

Nature tells a dismal story—  
 Faith has visions full of glory :  
 Nature views the change with sadness—  
 Faith contemplates it with gladness :  
*Nature* murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,  
 “Strength is perfected in weakness.”  
 Nature writhes, and hates the rod—  
 Faith looks up, and blesses God ;  
 Sense looks downward—faith above,  
 That sees harshness—this sees love ;  
 O ! let faith victorious be—  
 Let it reign triumphantly.  
 But thou art gone ! not lost, but flown,  
 Shall I then ask thee back, my own ?  
 Back—and leave thy spirit’s brightness ?  
 Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?  
 Back—and leave thine angel mould ?  
 Back—and leave those streets of gold ?  
 Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?  
 Back—from founts to which He leads thee ?  
 Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father ?  
 Back—to earth and sin ?—nay, rather  
 Would I live in solitude,  
 I would not ask thee if I could ;  
 But patient wait the high decree  
 That calls my spirit home to thee !

1 Tim. 6—12.

FIGHTING the battle of life  
With a weary heart and head ;  
For in the midst of the strife  
The banners of joy are fled.

Fled and gone out of sight,  
When I thought they were so near,  
And the music of hope this night  
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,  
With a very tired hand,—  
With only my armour strong,  
The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left for me  
If all *my* strength were shown,  
So small the amount would be,  
Its presence could scarce be known.

Fighting alone to night,  
With not e'en a stander by,  
To cheer me in the fight,  
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,—  
 Only the Lord can see  
 The struggle within how dark and drear,  
 Though quiet the outside be.

Fighting alone to night!  
 With what a sinking heart;—  
 Lord Jesus in the fight,  
 Oh! stand not thou apart!

Body and mind have tried  
 To make the field my own;  
 But when the Lord is on my side,  
 He doeth the work alone.

And when He hideth His face,  
 And the battle clouds prevail,  
 It is only through His grace  
 That I do not utterly fail.

The word of old was true,  
 And its truth shall never cease,  
 "The Lord shall fight for you,  
 And ye shall hold your peace."

Lord, I would fain be still,  
 And quiet behind my shield :  
 But make me to love Thy will,  
 For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust,  
 And love of Thy perfect will,  
 Can raise me out of the dust,  
 And bid my fears be still.

Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee,  
 And fill my heart with Thy love ;  
 And keep my soul till the shadows flee,  
 And the light breaks from above.

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“THOU HAST STOOD HERE, LORD  
 JESUS.”

Matthew xxviii. 6.

THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus,  
 Besides the still cold grave ;  
 And proved Thy deep compassion,  
 And mighty power to save ;

Thy tears of tender pity,  
 Thine agonizing groan  
 Teach how for us Thou feelest,  
 Now seated on Thy throne.

Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,  
 Thyself the victim then ;  
 The Lord of life and glory,  
 Once slain for wretched men.  
 From sin and condemnation  
 When none but Thou could'st save,  
 Thy love than death was stronger,  
 And deeper than the grave.

Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus,  
 But Thou art here no more ;  
 The terror and the darkness,  
 The night of death are o'er.  
 Great Captain of Salvation,  
 Thy triumphs now we sing ;  
 Oh grave, where is thy victory !  
 Oh death, where is thy sting ?

We wait for Thine appearing ;  
 We weep, but we rejoice ;  
 In all our depths of sorrow,  
 We still can hear Thy voice :—

"I am the resurrection,"  
"I live, who once was slain";  
"Fear not, thy friend and brother"  
"Shall rise with Me and reign."

---

FOR ———, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
ONLY BOY.

WAS it a dream? such gladness with it  
bringing,  
That life, whose dawn with such deep joy  
we hailed.—  
Those loving baby arms so fondly clinging—  
Those eyes, whose smiles so soon in death  
were veiled!

Alas! no dream had left such life-long traces,  
Such silence as that little voice has left,—  
The blank no other presence e'er replaces;  
It is no dream which leaves us thus bereft.



160    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

It is no dream ! Thy spirit dieth never !  
    That little star through endless time shall  
        beam ;  
Heaven shall be brighter for thy light for  
    ever,  
And gladder for thy voice. It is no dream.

It is no dream ! By God that gift was given ;  
    Man may repent his gifts : God deals not  
        thus,  
A new immortal joy is ours in heaven,  
    And He who gave will give thee back to us.

It is no dream, that Paradise immortal,  
    Where He who blessed the babes has  
        welcomed thee,  
Fearless the infants pass its solemn portal,  
    Borne in His arms, His face alone they see.

Yet, Father ! who for us, in love most tender,  
    Did'st yield to death Thy Son, Thine only  
        Son ;  
Thou knowest all the cost of such surrender,  
    Help us to say with Him, Thy will be done.

Till looking back, with this our child beside  
us,

On all the way through which our feet  
were brought,

We sing, "It was no dream by which God  
tried us,

No dream the weight of glory it has  
wrought."

E. C.

---

MRS. EMILY JUDSON, TO THE MEMORY OF  
HER DEPARTED HUSBAND.

THEN there was light within my soul,

Light on my peaceful way,

And all around the blue above

The clustering starlight lay :

And easterly I saw upreared

The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,

My angel love and I—

His lifted wing all quivering

With tokens from the sky :

Strange, my dull thought could not divine,

'Twas lifted—but to fly !

162    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

Again, down life's dim labyrinth  
I grope my way alone,  
While wildy through the midnight sky  
Black hurrying clouds are blown ;  
And thickly in my tangled path  
The sharp bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot—for well I know  
The goal cannot be far,  
And ever through the rifted clouds,  
Shines out one steady star,—  
For when my guide went up, he left  
The pearly gates ajar.

---

“He openeth their ear to discipline.”

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I owe,  
Though dark thou be ;  
The lessons it imports me most to know,  
I owe to thee !  
A sacred seminary thou hast been,  
I trust, to train me for a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness ! suffering and alone  
My friends withdrawn,  
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have  
shone

On me forlorn,  
With such a hallow'd vividness and power,  
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness ! midst thy silence, oft  
A voice is heard,  
Which though it fall like dew on flowers, so  
soft,

Yet speaks each word  
Into the aching heart's unseen recess,  
With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness ! in that bright abode  
Where there is no more pain,  
If, through the merits of my Saviour God,  
A seat I gain ;  
This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft  
lays,  
That in thy shelter pass'd my earthly days.

---

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.

BRIDE of My love ! ere My cross uplifted,  
The heavens receive Me to My kingly  
throne,  
My peace I leave thee, not as earth be-  
stoweth  
Her fading gifts, I give unto Mine own.

Child of My purchase ! heir of fadeless glory,  
In tribulation great thou shalt be tried ;  
Yet in My peace which passeth understanding  
Thy steadfast soul for ever shall abide.

My peace I give thee, though the cross be  
heavy,  
Though the rough path in darkness fade  
away,  
Thy falt'ring faith shall strengthen, while  
discerning  
My bleeding footprints on the narrow way.

Peace shall be thine, though bitter memories  
thronging

Of faithless sins across thy spirit roll—  
Although the accuser of the holy brethren  
With darkest doubt assail thy weary soul.

Peace—when this life's unrest and fitful fever  
Make discord fierce within thine aching  
breast,

When for thy weariness and restless yearning  
Earth has no balm, or ark of peaceful rest.

Peace—when the feeble light by which thou  
steerest,

No longer glimmers from the further shore.

Peace—when the loves and hopes long held  
the dearest,

In the dark waves have sunk to rise no  
more.

Peace in the lonely hours of weary waiting,  
In valley twilight, sad, and cold, and grey,  
The watcher on the hill already haileth  
The rosy flush of the long looked-for day.

Peace—in that darkest, bitterest hour of  
anguish,

166    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

Which bears thy treasures from thy strain-  
ing sight,  
I am the endless life—he that on Me be-  
lieveth,  
In Paradise shall walk with Me in white.

Peace shall be thine when Death's cold  
waters swelling  
Around thy feet thy trembling soul affright,  
The hand that in the wilderness has led thee  
Through the dark waves, will guide thee  
into light.

Peace—when the strange new sound of  
angels hymning  
Breaks in wild music on thy wondering  
ear;  
Peace when the human soul unclothed and  
lonely  
Before My throne in judgment shall appear.

Peace perfected—when from the din of battle  
The everlasting doors shall close thee in,  
And thou shalt know, upon my throne beside  
Me,  
Victorious peace, freedom from strife and sin.

J. L. B.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN;

Anticipating Resurrection-Glory.

I SHINE in the light of God;  
His likeness stamps my brow;  
Through the valley of death my feet have  
trod,  
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

I have reach'd the joys of heaven:  
I am one of the sainted band;  
For my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learn'd the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus has set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.



168    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;  
    Safe in my happy home ;  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
    My hour of triumph's come !

Oh ! friends of mortal years,  
    The trusted and the true !  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
    But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? oh, no !  
    For memory's golden chain,  
Shall bind *my* heart to the hearts below,  
    Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright :  
    And love's electric flame,  
Flows freely down like a river of light,  
    To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
    Shines out from the glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,  
    And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,  
 And your hearts be sorely riven,  
 For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
 And another soul in heaven?

---

“NOT *NOW*, MY CHILD.”

MARK v. 10.

Not *now* my child, — a little more rough  
 tossing,  
 A little longer on the billows' foam,—  
 A few more journeyings in the desert-  
 darkness,  
 And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's  
 Home!

Not *now*,—for I have wand'ers in the  
 distance,  
 And thou must call them in with patient  
 love,  
 Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the  
 mountains,  
 And thou must follow them where'er they  
 rove.

170    HYMNS SUITED TO MOUERNERS.

Not *now*,—for I have lov'd ones sad and  
weary,

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly  
smile,

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely  
sorrow,

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not *now*,—for wounded hearts are sorely  
bleeding,

And thou must teach those widow'd hearts  
to sing,

Not *now*,—for orphans' tears are thickly  
falling,

They must be gathered 'neath some  
sheltering wing.

Not *now*,—for many a hungry one is pining,  
Thy willing hand must be outstretch'd and  
free,

Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,  
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*,—for dungeon walls look stern and  
gloomy,

And pris'ners' sighs sound strangely on the  
breeze,

*Man's* pris'ners, but thy Saviour's noble free-  
men;

Hast thou no ministry of love for these?—

Not *now*,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,  
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin,—  
*Jerusalem's* bright gates are standing open,—  
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them  
in!—

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,  
And speak that Name in all its living  
power;

Why should thy fainting heart grow chill  
and weary,  
Canst thou not *watch with me* one little  
hour?

One little hour!—and *then* the glorious  
crowning,

The golden harp-strings and the victor's  
palm,—

One little hour!—and *then* the Hallelujah!  
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!

C. P.

---

ABIDE WITH ME.

JOHN xiv. 23.

ABIDE with me. Fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see :  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwelt with thy disciples, Lord—  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in glory, as the King of kings,  
But in thy grace, with healing in thy wings ;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And tho' rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee ;  
On to the close, O Lord ! abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour—  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh! abide  
with me.

I fear no woe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, Grave, thy  
victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

And when my soul, released from earth  
shall soar

To realms of bliss, where I shall weep no  
more,

Oh! wondrous thought! oh! glorious ecstasy!  
For ever, Lord, I shall abide with *Thee!*

174    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

“I will lead them in paths they have not known.”—

ISAIAH xlii. 16.

LEAD, Saviour, lead; amid the encircling  
gloom,

Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Should'st lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the glare of day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will:—Remember not past  
years!

So long thy power hath bless'd me—sure it  
still

Will lead me on,

O'er vale and hill, through stream and  
torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile.

NEARER TO THEE.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so  
panteth my soul after thee, O God.

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:  
when shall I come and appear before God?"—Ps.  
xlii. 1, 2.

"NEARER, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee!"

E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee!"

Though like a wanderer,\*  
The sun go down—

Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;

Yet, in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee!

\* See Genesis xxviii. 10-22.



*There* let my way appear  
                   Steps unto heaven;  
 All that thou sendest me  
                   In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
                   Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts  
                   Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
                   Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
                   Nearer to Thee!

And when on joyful wing,  
                   Cleaving the sky;  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
                   Upward I fly;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
                   Nearer to Thee!"

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RE-UNION.

“When shall I arise, and the night be gone?”—JOB.

THOU wilt not sever us, O Lord our God,  
In Thy blest mansions. On earth’s dreary sod  
Our hearts are torn with partings. One by

one

The loved and cherish’d leave us. Every  
stone

The cold, damp cemetery holds, is faced  
With lines that find their parallels deep  
traced

Within our souls. Thus works Thy chisel,  
Lord,

In strokes severe. Yet be Thy name adored  
For all Thy dealings! In Thy purpose deep  
A blessing lies, unscann’d by us who weep  
Amid these shadows. Night will soon be  
past—

The cloudy night of time that ends at last  
In heaven’s bright morning. Yet a little  
while,

And we shall greet that blissful morning’s  
smile

178    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

With hallelujahs. Then Thy love's deep  
    thought  
Shall be unfolded. All Thy blood has bought  
Shall come with Thee ; and each we loved  
    and knew,  
And mourn'd for here, shall arise upon our  
    view  
In brighter, lovelier form—akin to Thine—  
Thy work, Lord Jesus!—perfect, pure,  
    divine!—  
Thus re-united, through eternal days  
Our joy shall be *Thyself*—our theme Thy  
    praise!

---

CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken ; there are left behind  
Living beloved's, tender looks to bring  
And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,

Where "dust to dust" the love\* from life  
disjoined,

And if, before those sepulchres unmoving,  
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth,)   
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and  
loving?"

I know a Voice would sound, Daughter, I AM,  
Can I suffice for heaven and not for earth?

---

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO."

I WILL not let Thee go; thou Help in time  
of need!

Heap ill on ill,

I trust Thee still,

E'en when it seems as Thou would'st slay  
indeed!

Do as Thou wilt with me,

I yet will cling to Thee.

Hide Thou Thy face, yet, Help in time of  
need,

I will not let Thee go.

180    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my  
bliss!

No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,  
And I am Thine.

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss,  
Though dark and sad the night,  
Joy cometh with Thy light;

O Thou, my Sun, should I forsake my bliss!  
I will not let Thee go.

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my  
Lord!

Not death can tear  
Me from His care,

And for my sake His soul in death outpoured,  
Thou did'st for love to me,  
I say in love to Thee.

E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my  
Life, my Lord,  
I will not let Thee go!

---

“GOING HOME.”

MARK X. 14.

THEY are going—only going,  
 Jesus called them long ago,  
 All the wintry time they're passing  
 Softly as the falling snow.  
 When the violets in the spring-time  
 Catch the azure of the sky,  
 They are carried out to slumber  
 Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going,  
 When with summer earth is drest,  
 In their cold hands holding roses,  
 Folded to each silent breast:  
 When the autumn hangs red banners  
 Out above the harvest sheaves,  
 They are going—even going—  
 Thick and fast like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,  
 All adown the solemn time,  
 They have taken up their homeward  
 March to that serener clime.

Where the watching, waiting angels  
     Lead them from the shadow dim,  
 To the brightness of His presence,  
     Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going  
     Out of pain and into bliss,  
 Out of sad and sinful weakness,  
     Into perfect holiness.  
 Snowy brows—no care shall shade them,  
     Bright eyes—tears shall never dim,  
 Rosy lips—no time shall fade them,  
     Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts for ever stainless—  
     Little hands as pure as they—  
 Little feet, by angels guided,  
     Never a forbidden way !  
 They are going—ever going—  
     Leaving many a lovely spot :  
 But, 'tis Jesus, who has called them—  
     Suffer, and forbid them not !

---

HEBREWS iv. 15.

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry,  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once Thine own.

Yes! for as if Thou would'st be God,  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouched by sympathy.

Jesus, my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee;  
Thine eye at least can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.

It is enough, my gracious Lord,  
Thy tender sympathy!  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep  
But I may bring to Thee.



ANGEL CHARLIE.

He came—a beauteous vision,  
     Then vanished from my sight,  
 His wing one moment cleaving  
     The blackness of my night;  
 My glad ear caught its rustle,  
     Then sweeping by, he stole  
 The dewdrop, that his coming  
     Had cherished in my soul.

Oh he had been my solace,  
     When grief my spirit swayed,  
 And on his fragile being  
     Had tender hopes been stayed;  
 Where thought, where feeling lingered,  
     His form was sure to glide,  
 And in the lone night watches  
     ’Tw as ever by my side.

He came—but as the blossom  
     Its petals closes up,  
 And hides them from the tempests  
     Within its sheltering cup;

So he his spirit gathered  
 Back to his frightened breast,  
 And passed from earth's grim threshold  
 To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, Me! the sweetness,  
 The anguish of that word!—  
 My boy—when in strange night dreams  
 My slumbering soul is stirred,  
 When music floats around me,  
 When soft lips touch my brow,  
 And whisper gentle greetings—  
 Oh tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,  
 My Charlie is not dead,  
 One golden clue he left me,  
 As on his track he sped;  
 Were he some gem or blossom,  
 But fashioned for to-day,  
 My love would slowly perish  
 With his dissolving clay.

Oh! by this deathless yearning,  
 Which is not idly given,  
 By the delicious nearness  
 My spirit feels to heaven,

By dreams that throng my night sleep,  
By visions of the day,  
By whispers when I'm erring,  
By promptings when I pray.

I know this life so cherished,  
Which sprang beneath my heart,  
Which formed of my own being  
So beautiful a part ;  
This precious, winsome creature,  
My unfledged, voiceless dove,  
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,  
And warbles lays of love.

Oh I would not recall thee,  
My glorious angel boy !  
Thou needest not my bosom,  
Rare bird of light and joy !  
Here dash I down the tear drops,  
Still gathering in my eyes ;  
Blest—oh ! how blest !—in adding  
A seraph to the skies !

---

TO MY GATHERED LILY.

Sol. Song, vi. 2.

My lovely little Lily, thou wert gathered  
very soon,  
In the fresh and dewy morning, not in the  
glare of noon,  
The Saviour sent His angels, to bear thee  
hence, my own,  
And they'll plant thee in *that* garden, where  
decay is never known.

How peacefully, how sweetly, ebb'd thy  
little life away,  
Oh! blest for ever be the God who heard  
thy mother pray ;  
She did not wish to keep thee in the vale of  
sin and strife,  
But she prayed that thou without a pang,  
might yield thy little life.

She watch'd thee, how she watch'd thee,  
through that anxious night and day,  
And only turned her eyes from thee, to look  
to heaven and pray !

Deal gently with my darling! was still her  
     fervent cry,  
 And trust Me with thy little one, seem'd  
     still the Lord's reply!

My Lily! oh my Lily! I saw thee hour by  
     hour  
 Still drooping nearer to the earth, my pale  
     and precious flower!  
 And as I mark'd the glazing eye, and felt  
     the cheek grow cold,—  
 The mingled thoughts that filled my heart,  
     they never can be told!

'Twas in thy mother's arms, my own, thou  
     didst resign thy breath,  
 And she will bless her God for *that*, 'till she,  
     too, sinks in death,  
 Oh tenderly indeed, my babe, the Saviour  
     dealt with me,  
 When He in pitying love disarm'd the king  
     of terrors thus.

One long drawn sigh thy mother heard from  
     thy unconscious breast,  
 And then she saw thy eyelids close, and  
     knew thou wert at rest;

She press'd her lips upon thy cheek—how  
very cold it felt !

And turning from thy chamber then, she went  
apart and knelt.

And often, often, ere it came, that last sad  
solemn day,

Beside thy cradle coffin, she would sit, and  
gaze, and pray ;

And never, never from her heart, can thy  
sweet image fade,

So pure, so white, so still, so cold, as if of  
marble made.

And when at length the day was come, the  
solemn parting day,

That saw thee from thy earthly home, my  
loved one, borne away,

Still, still my God was with me, and I was  
not seen to weep,

When they laid thee in the quiet tomb,  
where thy father's kindred sleep.

And years have pass'd away since then, and  
many a joy and care

Have fill'd by turns thy mother's breast, in  
which thou had'st no share ;

190    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

But still within that heart she keeps one  
sacred spot for thee,  
And thine, my Lily, thine alone, that spot  
shall ever be !

And often when I kneel in prayer, I thank  
my Saviour yet,  
For all His tender love to thee, which I can  
ne'er forget,  
And when I pray for those I love, still left  
on earth with me,  
I ask my God to deal with them, as gently  
as with thee !

---

LORD JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

LORD Jesus, as Thou wilt,  
Oh ! may Thy will be mine ;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
" My Lord, Thy will be done " !

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 If needy here and poor,  
 Give me Thy people's bread,  
 Their portion rich and sure,  
 The Manna of Thy Word  
 Let my soul feed upon ;  
 And if all else should fail—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 If among thorns I go,  
 Still sometimes here and there  
 Let a few roses blow.  
 But Thou on earth along  
 The thorny path hast gone ;  
 Then lead me after Thee—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear ;  
 Since Thou on earth has wept,  
 And sorrow'd oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !



Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 If lov'd ones must depart,  
 Suffer not sorrow's flood  
 To overwhelm my heart :  
 For they are blest with Thee,  
 Their race and conflict won,  
 Let me but follow them—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 When death itself draws nigh,  
 To Thy dear wounded side  
 I would for refuge fly.  
 Leaning on Thee to go  
 Where Thou before hast gone,  
 The rest as Thou shalt please—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me ;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ” !

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

PERFECT through suffering! Is this the path  
My Saviour trod?  
And shall I shrink to follow Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God?

Perfect through suffering! The heart may  
faint  
Upon the road,  
And flesh and spirit both may fail,—  
Yet hope in God!

Perfect through suffering! The gold refined,  
No dross remains,  
And o'er the furnace watcheth One,  
To guide the flames.

Perfect through suffering! A bright reward  
Before thee lies;  
Gird up thy loins to run the race,—  
Then seize the prize.

194    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURENERS.

Perfect through suffering! The countless  
throng

Of saints in light;  
Through tribulations great have come,  
Afflictions fight.

Perfect through suffering! Their robes  
made white

In Jesu's blood,  
The tears from ev'ry eye are wiped,  
They reign with God.

Perfect through suffering! The conflict o'er,  
The race well run,

A crown of immortality  
And joy is won.

Perfect through suffering! Is this the path  
My Saviour trod?

Then welcome be its fiery cross!  
It leads to God!

---

**“THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR  
THE PEOPLE OF GOD.”**

My rest is in heaven ; my rest is not here ;  
Then why should I murmur when trials are  
near ?

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! the worst that  
can come  
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee  
home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this :  
I look for a city which hands have not piled ;  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow :  
I would not lie down upon roses below :  
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them, O Lord, in Thy sheltering  
breast.

196    HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy,  
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into  
joy ;  
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on  
them,  
Like the dew in the sunshine, grow diamond  
and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress  
oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at the  
close ;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may  
befal,  
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer  
it with song.

H. F. LYTE.

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“THY WAY, NOT MINE.”

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
    Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,  
    It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight it leads  
    Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,  
    I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
    So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
    Is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
    Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
    With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ;  
    Choose Thou my good and ill.

198 HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health,  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small :  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

---

SONG IN THE DAY OF THE EAST  
WIND.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”—  
PSALM lvi. 8.

Is GOD for me ? I fear not,  
Though all against me rise ;  
When I call on CHRIST my Saviour,  
The host of evil flies.\*

\* Psa. xci. 10.

My Friend, the LORD ALMIGHTY,  
 And He who loves me, God !  
 What enemy shall harm me,  
 Though coming as a flood ? \*  
 I know it—I believe it—  
 I say it fearlessly,—†  
 That God, the Highest, Mightiest,  
 For ever loveth me, ‡  
 At all times, in all places,  
 He standeth at my side ; §  
 He rules the battle fury,  
 The tempest, and the tide. ||

A Rock that stands for ever,  
 Is Christ my Righteousness, ¶  
 And there I stand unfearing  
 In everlasting bliss ; \*\*  
 No earthly thing is needful  
 To this my life from Heaven,  
 And nought of love is worthy,  
 Save that which Christ has given.  
 Christ, all my praise and glory,  
 My light most sweet and fair ;

\* 1 Peter i. 5. † Eph. i. 4. ‡ Jer. xxxi. 3. § Phil. iv. 6.

|| Jonah i. 12. ¶ 1 Cor. i. 30. \*\* 2 Thess. ii. 16.



200     HYMNS SUITED TO MOURNERS.

The ship in which He saileth  
Is scatheless everywhere :  
In Him I dare be joyful  
As a hero in the war,\*  
The judgment of the sinner  
Affrighteth me no more.†

There is no condemnation—  
There is no hell for me ; ‡  
The torment and the fire  
My eyes shall never see : §  
For me there is no sentence—  
For me death has no sting, ||  
Because the Lord who loves me  
Shall shield me with His wing.  
Above my soul's dark waters  
His Spirit hovers still ; ¶  
He guards me from all sorrows,  
From terror and from ill.\*\*  
In me He works, and blesses  
The life-seed He has sown ; ††  
From Him I learn the "ABBA,"  
That prayer of faith alone. ‡‡

\* Phil. iv. 4.

§ 1 Thess. i. 10.

\*\* Ps. xci. 5.

† 1 Cor. xv. 51.

|| 1 Cor. xv. 55.

†† 1 Peter. i. 23.

‡ John v. 24.

¶ Eph. i. 13.

‡‡ Gal. iv. 6.

And if in lonely places,  
 A fearful child, I shrink,\*  
 He prays the prayers within me  
 I cannot ask or think—†  
 The deep unspoken language,  
 Known only to that love‡  
 Who fathoms the heart's mystery  
 From the throne of light above.  
 His Spirit to my spirit  
 Sweet words of comfort saith,  
 How God the weak one strengthens  
 Who leans on Him in faith;§  
 How He hath built a City  
 Of love, and light, and song,||  
 Where the eye at last beholdeth  
 What the heart hath loved so long.

And there is mine inheritance—  
 My kingly palace, home;¶  
 The leaf may fall and perish—  
 Not less the spring will come;  
 Like wind and rain of winter,  
 Our earthly sighs and tears,\*\*

\* Ps. lvi. 1. † Rom. viii. 26. ‡ John i. 48.

§ Gal. ii. 20. || Rev. xxi. ¶ John xiv. 2. \*\* Rev. xxi. 4.

Till the golden summer dawneth  
Of the endless year of years.  
The world may pass and perish—  
Thou, God, wilt not remove,  
No hatred of all devils  
Can part me from Thy love ;  
No hungering nor thirsting—  
No poverty nor care,\*  
No wrath of mighty princes  
Can reach my shelter there.

No angel and no Heaven,  
 No throne, nor power, nor might;  
 No love—no tribulation—  
 No danger, fear, nor fight;  
 No height—no depth—no creature  
 That has been, or can be,†  
 Can drive me from Thy bosom,  
 Can sever me from Thee.‡  
 My heart in joy upleapeth,  
 Grief cannot linger there,§  
 She singeth high in glory,  
 Amid the sunshine fair;||

\* Rom. viii. 35.    † 1 John v. 11.    ‡ Eph. ii. 6.  
§ Isa. xxxv. 8.    || Eph. i. 8.

The Sun that shines upon me  
Is JESUS and His love ; \*  
The fountain of my singing  
Is deep in Heaven above. †

PAUL GERHARDT.

\* 1 Peter i. 8.      † Psa. xvi. 11.



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